

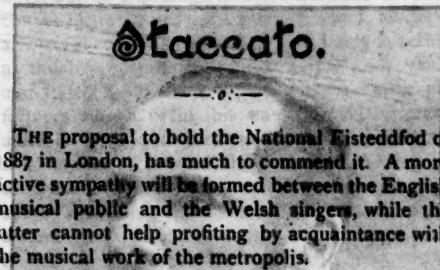
THE MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

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No. 19.

NOTWITHSTANDING asseverations to the contrary, the Eisteddfod meetings still kindle the enthusiasm of the Welsh people, the thousands recently gathered at Aberdare being a conclusive proof of the vitality of this ancient institution. It is apparent, however, that advancing culture, and the opportunities now afforded literary and artistic aspirants of appearing before the wider tribunals of England, have diminished the importance of some of the Eisteddfod competitions. Music has always held a high place at these festivals, and the musical competitions possess perhaps the most absorbing interest for the Welsh, and furnish the highest stimulus to their ambition. The organisation and development of this musical force is unquestionably a duty that the bards and leaders of the Eisteddfod owe to their fellow-countrymen, and progress on this side will be a measure of the power and usefulness of the meetings in the future. In this view, the concerts given at the Eisteddfod meetings deserve attention. At present these do not take a high place among the musical events of the year, and in their orchestral and choral aspects they fall below the average of a second rate provincial festival. Prizes have been offered by the Eisteddfod committee for the best performers upon wood and wind instruments. This is in the right direction. It is time, however, that the leaders of the Eisteddfod Association took more directly in hand the raising of the standard of the concerts. This might be done by encouraging the formation of orchestral bands in the Principality, by offering valuable prizes for the best orchestral bands, and by further developing from these bands and from the numerous choral bodies that compete at the Eisteddfods, a national association adequate in power and training to faithfully render the works usually attempted at the Eisteddfod concerts. Bearing in mind the musical proclivities of the Welsh, and the aggregate power and good quality of the competing choral societies, it seems by no means an impossible thing so to organise this force as to make the concerts, at least as regards choral work, equal to the greatest English festivals. The singing powers of the Rhondda valley miners are proverbial, and numerous choral bodies of the Principality are equally capable. Organisation alone is wanted to form the finest choral body in the United Kingdom. A rule, that every choral society and orchestral band competing at the Eisteddfod should, as a condition of entering the competition, be able to take part in the choral and orchestral numbers given at the concerts, would go far towards effecting this object. With the leaders of the Eisteddfod it rests to utilise the fine musical capacities existing. Local interests and a clinging to past traditions may render the introduction of new forms a slow work, but we hope the programme of the next Eisteddfod will bear some evidence of progress in the direction indicated.



THE proposal to hold the National Eisteddfod of 1887 in London, has much to commend it. A more active sympathy will be formed between the English musical public and the Welsh singers, while the latter cannot help profiting by acquaintance with the musical work of the metropolis.

THE unhappy accident which has befallen Signor Piatti by the upsetting of a carriage while driving to Bergamo on Lake Como, will excite general sympathy for the admirable artist, so familiar to London audiences, and regret that music must even temporarily lose his services. That the deprivation will only be temporary, is a hope that receives some sanction from the statement that the first account of his injuries has been exaggerated.

THE presentation of the floral lyre and wreath to Dr Richter at the close of the Birmingham Festival was a graceful act in which all might acquiesce; for, whatever diversity of opinion may exist as to the merits of the new compositions, there can be but one as to the general excellence of the renderings. Scrupulous rehearsal had its reward.

AT no previous festival has the delivery of the solo work been more satisfactory; it would, indeed, be difficult for any other country to muster so many artistes of similarly high musical culture. Mr Santley, Mr Maas, Mr Lloyd, Madame Albani, Patey, and Williams, if they could not add to their great reputation, once more confirmed it.

MADAME ALBANI made a deep impression both in M. Gounod's work and in Dvorák's Cantata. It has to be admitted that in oratorio Madame Albani reigns peerless. To have a voice and method so large and perfect in art as hers amongst us, is a thing at which all musicians have reason to rejoice. From Hereford as from Birmingham there come ample acknowledgments of this.

DR STANFORD'S latest work may be taken as a permanent addition to the repertory of choral societies. It is much to have a work which succeeds at a festival on the scale of the Birmingham one; but it is an additional cause for gratification when that work is so fashioned as to be an incentive to general energy. During the coming season "Mors et Vita" takes the lead everywhere. It is not rash to say that Dr Stanford's work, if it has a later will also have a more permanent claim on the attention of choral bodies.

HERR FRANKE informs us that a series of Richter concerts in Paris is projected, and that the

arrangements are progressing. It is no new thing to hear Wagner's music applauded in the city where he spent so many bitter days. A series of concerts under Dr Richter's direction will put the German master's meaning more completely before a public, which assuredly is not indifferent to ideas, and knows what good playing is.

THE managers of the Hereford Festival are to be congratulated on initiating the policy of shilling admissions to certain parts of the building. This is a set-off, and no inconsiderable one, to the financial result of the Festival, which is attributable to causes that another year may see removed.

THE form of concert known as the "church concert" is multiplying in Germany—a fact which will be regarded with interest by those amongst us who have advocated a more liberal view of the use of sacred edifices. Not long ago the authorities withdrew their permission to give renderings of oratorio and sacred music in one of our cathedrals. Wiser counsels, it may be hoped, will soon prevail.

THE great Hungarian painter, Munkacsy, has nearly completed a picture of "Mozart on his death-bed." Apart from the signal merit which a picture of Munkacsy's cannot fail to have, a word of commendation is due to the choice of a subject. The musical life, which manages somehow to distil more pathos than most forms of energy, might more frequently, and with a gain to the beautiful, be utilized for the purposes of the sister art.

THE Meiningen orchestra which, under Bülow, became a highly evolved musical organism, has been winning much applause in Antwerp. Since Bülow's resignation it has had a variety of conductors. Now Herr Siedl, who was the friend and coadjutor of Wagner, holds the baton, and the performance of the orchestra proves that conductor and players are finely in touch.

MADAME WAGNER will probably soon publish a volume of her late husband's "Utterances on Music and Musicians." The mass of controversial writing which we already have from Wagner's pen is a witness to his extraordinary intellectual energy, and is the more remarkable when we remember that the great musicians have been mostly one idea'd men. Although no weighty addition to his body of musical doctrine can be expected, the proposed posthumous volume will be looked for with much interest.

THE announcement that Robert Franz has, in consequence of ill health, definitely resigned the post of University Musical Director at Halle, will be read with regret. A few months ago the eminent musician received congratulations from all parts of the world on attaining his seventieth birthday. We trust music may yet prosper at his hands in his retirement from onerous practical duties.

Notes of Preparation.

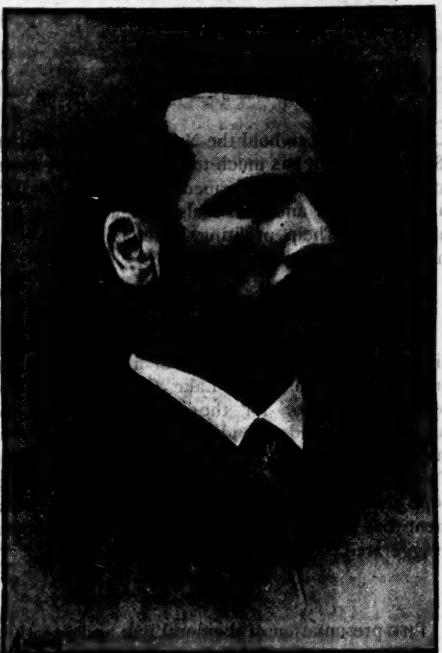
THE chief musical societies throughout the provinces have already braced themselves for the work of the approaching winter season, and such details as have come to hand indicate that the next few months will witness considerable musical energy. In the north of England Mr Halle has his hands full. The Liverpool Philharmonic will, under his baton, perform "Belshazzar," "Messiah," "Creation," and "St Paul." In Manchester the series of concerts, which in the past have had such excellent results in this commercial centre, will begin in October. Mr Halle's programmes have always been admirable in their scope, and those to be issued in the approaching months will certainly do more than sustain the credit of the past. Some of the Birmingham novelties are promised. In Nottingham Mr Halle will also conduct the Sacred Harmonic Society in a performance of M. Gounod's "Mors et Vita" on the 28th inst., and the same society will render, during the season, the "Messiah," "Elijah," and "Martyr of Antioch." In Newcastle, Mr Rea has announced a series of three subscription concerts, and his intention is to produce M. Gounod's latest oratorio, "Israel in Egypt," and Mr Prout's Birmingham Symphony. This is a scheme for which special support may fairly be claimed. Mr Prout's work is also to be heard under Mr Riseley at Bristol, and probably Mr Mackenzie's Violin Concerto may reach the people of the west by the same agency. "Mors et Vita" is to furnish the principal attraction at Brighton, where Mr Kuhe conducts. In Scotland, as was to be expected, Mr Mackenzie's "Rose of Sharon" is receiving much notice, and it will probably appear in the programmes at Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Dundee. The two former towns will arrange the series of orchestral concerts which, for some years past, have owed so much to the energy of Mr Manns and achieved such success. Spohr's "Last Judgment" is set down for performance in Glasgow, under Mr M'Nabb. In London the musical schools are astir. The Royal College of Music will have a Students' Concert on 15th inst., and the Royal Academy and Trinity College follow suit on 23rd and 27th instants. The Hackney Society, under Mr Prout, will this year give the "Rose of Sharon," Schubert's Mass in F, Beethoven's Choral Symphony, and the conductor's "Alfred." It remains only to add to the present incomplete statement, that Mr Manns resumes the Crystal Palace Concerts on 17th inst. These notes of preparation show that enterprise in attacking the latest compositions is not wanting, and the best results may be hoped from the stimulus to activity and zeal which these new works supply.

Music in Bristol.

BRISTOL amateurs might plead that age, which confers some distinction on Festivals, such as that of Birmingham and the "Three Choirs," is not always an advantage. For, coming late into existence as a body with continuity of life, the founders of the Triennial Festival have been wise enough to attach to the main scheme various schemes for the promotion of music culture in the west. Self-supporting classes under qualified teachers have been established in every district in the city; and in the last report the committee state that out of 2016 pupils, 660 have successfully passed examination and obtained certificates of proficiency. There are thus continually being produced, fresh voices with the due preparatory training for becoming serviceable members of the Festival Society. That society

has been in existence since 1873, and is able to show an admirable record of work. Indeed, in the list of 39 compositions of the larger class which have been performed, there appear some which are an evidence of special enterprise on the part of the projectors.

Music in Bristol has, in addition, largely profited by the independent concert schemes of Mr Riseley, who also acts as organist to the Festival Society. Mr Riseley has more than a local reputation, and in giving his portrait here, with a brief notice of his life and work, we shall be gratifying many of our readers.



GEORGE RISELEY was born at Bristol on August 28, 1845. He was elected chorister of Bristol Cathedral in 1852, and in January 1862 became articled to Mr Corfe, the cathedral organist, for instruction in the organ, pianoforte, harmony, and counterpoint. During the next ten years he was organist at various churches in Bristol and Clifton, at the same time acting as deputy at the cathedral. In 1870 he was appointed organist to the Colston Hall, Bristol, and he at once set to work, by a rigid course of self-study, to perfect himself in the art of organ-playing in all its branches. He started weekly recitals of classical and popular music, which have been the means of educating the Bristol public, and of spreading an understanding and enjoyment of the works of the great masters to a far greater extent than before the Colston Hall organ was erected. In 1876 he succeeded Mr Corfe as organist to the cathedral. During the past eight years Mr Riseley has devoted his energies to the improvement of orchestral music in Bristol, where he has now a celebrated orchestra of sixty players. In 1876 he started his orchestral concerts, which have won for him a well-deserved reputation. Notwithstanding considerable opposition, and no small pecuniary risk, he has continued, during each season, to give fortnightly concerts, at which the principal works of the classical masters have been performed, and a large number of interesting novelties by modern writers, both English and foreign, produced. It would be interesting to follow the scheme of these concerts from the commencement, and see how gradually, but surely, he has educated the citizens to appreciate the highest examples of the great masters, both past and present; so much so, that over three thousand people were present on Wednesday, May 13, to hear Beethoven's "Choral Symphony," and many were turned away, on account of the large hall being full. The number of symphonies that have been given is thirty-seven; concertos, with orchestral

accompaniments, twenty-seven; overtures, ninety-one; and no less than one hundred and eighty-seven miscellaneous works. Attached to his orchestral concerts he has a choir of three hundred voices; and we have it from the highest authority that the performance of the "Choral Symphony," (Beethoven's colossal masterpiece), at the last concert given this season, was one of the most thorough ever heard in this country.

For the approaching festival, to be held October 20 to 23d, the arrangements are framed pretty much on the lines of the past. Mr Halle will again conduct the orchestra, the chorus-master is Mr D. W. Rootham, and the principal soloists engaged are Madame Albani (of whom we give a portrait in our Music Supplement), Miss Anna Williams, Madame Patey, Madame Trebelli, Mr Lloyd, Mr Maas, Mr Piercy, Mr Hilton, Mr Worlock, and Mr Santley.

Programme—1885.

Tuesday Morning, October 20. Handel.

Oratorio, "Belshazzar," Mr E. Lloyd.

Tuesday Evening, October 20. Handel.

Overture, "Oberon," Mr Piercy.

Air (Meyerbeer), "Roberto," Miss Anna Williams.

Air (Halevy), "But oh! Rachel," Mr E. Lloyd.

Air (Sohira), "La Bella Mia," Madame Trebelli.

Recit. and Air (Handel), "Sorge Infausta," Mr Santley.

"Triumph Lied" for Double Chorus and Orchestra, Mr Brahms.

Introduction to "Parsifal," Wagner.

Duet (Benedict), "The Moon has raised," Mr E. Lloyd.

Air (Goring), "As when the Snow Drift," Miss Williams.

Thomas.

Rhapsodie Norvegienne in C, Svensden.

Cavatina (Rossini), "Di tanti palpiti," Madame Trebelli.

Air (Wagner), "Preis-lied," Mr Lloyd.

Quartet, "Il core e la mia fè," Beethoven.

Miss Anna Williams, Madame Trebelli,

Messrs E. Lloyd and Santley.

Overture, "Le Siege de Corinthe," Rossini.

Wednesday Morning, October 21.

Oratorio, "Elijah," Mendelssohn.

Wednesday Evening, October 21.

Grand Symphony No. 2, in D Major, Antonin Dvorak.

Air (Ponchielli), "Al tuo trono," Mr Hilton.

Air (Handel), "Sweet Bird," Madame Albani.

Chorus, unaccompanied, "The Praise of Music," Wesley.

Air (Weber), "Wast me, ye Zephyrs," Mr Joseph Maas.

Rhapsodie Hongroise in F, Liszt.

Cantata, "Hero and Leander," C. H. Lloyd.

Air (Handel), "Sound an Alarm," Mr Joseph Maas.

Introduction to the 3rd Act of "Lohengrin," Wagner.

Duet, "O du mein holder Abendstern," Messrs Maas and Hilton.

Recit. e Cavatina ("O Patria," "O tu Palermo,") Mr Montague (Verdi).

Pageant March (from "La Reine de Saba"), Gounod.

with Chorus.

Thursday Morning, October 22.

Dramatic Legend, "Faust," Berlioz.

Thursday Evening, October 22.

Grand Symphony, No. 5, in C Minor, Beethoven.

Air (Sullivan) "Come, Margarita, come," Mr H. Piercy.

Recit. and Air ("O du mein holder Abendstern,") Mr Santley (Wagner).

Finale to Loreley, Mendelssohn.

Overture, "Tannhäuser," Wagner.

Recit. and Air ("She alone charmeth my sadnes,") Mr Hilton (Gounod).

Solo Piano, "Nocturne in F sharp," Chopin.

Wanderstudien and Tarentelle in A flat, Hiller.

Mr Charles Halle.

Valse (Gounod) from "Romeo and Juliet," Madame Albani.

Andante and Finale from Concerto in B Minor, Handel.

Duet (Gounod) from "Philemon and Baucis," Madame Albani and Baucis, Mr Santley.

Jubel Overture, Weber.

Friday Morning, October 23.

Oratorio, "Messiah," Handel.

Shall we Hiss?

THE journalistic plebiscitum, that latest resource of civilisation, might with much propriety be employed to obtain a practically decisive answer to the above question. Some of the problems discussed by its means have not exactly been such as the voice of the majority could pronounce upon to any good purpose, though the statistical result is always of value; but here it would virtually rest with the voters to decide whether a particular line of conduct might judiciously be adopted in certain conjunctures of every day occurrence in ordinary life. In France, of late, the question of the right of an auditor to hiss a singer or actor has once and again come before the law courts, with the result that the liberty to hiss has been legally asserted in the most explicit manner; the last case, that of a gentleman who hissed a claque-applauded singer in a Casino of Lyons, having been dismissed by the Juge de Paix, in reliance on the decision of a superior court to the effect that "a member of an audience has as much right to express his disapprobation of a performance as others have to manifest their approval." So hotly had the hiss been resented that the offender was taken in custody, and charged with disobedience to the orders of the theatre police; a course which probably had the effect of winning extensive sympathy for the accused. There can hardly be any dispute as to the impolicy of making a hiss at a theatre or concert a ground for imprisonment. But while the question may thus be unanimously decided in so far as regards the legal rights of citizens, it is as far as ever from being settled from the point of view of public etiquette or practical morals; and it may be worth while to weigh the pros and cons with as wide a glance as may be at the issues involved.

Those who have considered the matter most carefully will probably be the least ready to express a confident opinion. Raise the question as between, say, a lecturer or an actor and a hissing auditor, and you have a spontaneous expression of the personal equation; the performer and his admirers alike resenting the hiss as something peculiarly offensive and insulting; while the hisser conscientiously enough holds that he is entitled to express disapproval when others applaud. If he obtrudes his sentiments on them, equally have they obtruded theirs on him. To say that the admirers are the majority, leaves the difficulty as it was, for that very fact may be urged as a special reason for hissing; and in any case it might easily happen that the hissers and the applauders were about equal in numbers. By way of further argument, the performer argues that hissing is a vulgar and degrading exercise; and he is not unlikely to offer a sarcastic reflection on the anserine characteristics of his detractors. But here again comes the answer that, whatever may be the history or the associations of the act of hissing, it is at present resorted to as the simplest and most efficacious method of expressing emphatic disapproval in a public assemblage; and that, further, there is to the eye of pure reason nothing more natural or dignified in the clapping of hands or cheering than in the countervailing manifestation. Those exhibitions of feeling at least savour as much of barbarous survival as does hissing: if our remote ancestors practised the latter they also indulged in the former. We must have some other test.

The proper course would seem to be an examination of what benefit is or may be effected by hissing, and what harm; the net effect on social progress being taken as the determining consideration; and this cannot be properly done without taking note of the practice of applause, to which hissing is the decisive counterpoise. It can hardly be doubted that random, inexpert, and extravagant applause is bestowed on every species of public performance

much more frequently than hissing; the least competent members of the audience, whether in the theatre, the lecture-room, or the concert-hall, being at least as prompt and as vigorous in their expression of approval as are those best entitled to judge. The more critical, indeed, are apt to suffer constant annoyance from the blatant praises of the majority, so clearly are these usually referable to uninstructed taste. When, therefore, it is objected that hissing merely disconcerts, alarms, or exasperates the artist, and serves no purpose of correction, it has to be noted, on the other hand, that the ill-judged acclamation he so often receives from his audience tends to confirm him in what artistic vices he may have, and to encourage him in carelessness. There can be little doubt, for instance, that a singer or actor of distinction is, on the whole, likely to receive as much applause for inferior as for good work; and it would be easy, if invidious, to name performers who have in this way visibly deteriorated alike in taste and conscientiousness. When the right to hiss is pressed, the artist rejoins that the dissatisfied auditor can express his judgment by simply remaining silent; but silence is scarcely an adequate instrument as against the applause which the censor wishes to challenge. If, however, we ask whether the hiss serves any purpose beyond the registration of a protest—whether it effectually rebukes either the applauders or the artist—we shall find some solid reason for doubting if it is wise to insist on the abstract right of sibilation; whether with the view of punishing the artist or of contradicting his too easily satisfied admirers. In France, indeed, the existence of that detestable institution the *claque* seems to justify almost any measures for the vindication of independent opinion, as in Russia the monstrous suppression of nearly every form of rational speech makes a revolutionary attitude in politics almost a matter of course for a thinking man. Such an instrument of artistic corruption as a paid *claque* should be assailed by any lawful means open to the friends of honesty and decency. But in England, just as we have no excuse for resort to physical force in politics, we seem disallowed to create a disturbance of any sort in a theatre or concert-room so long as there is a demonstrable possibility of bringing influence to bear on art and audiences in any other way.

First, it must just be accepted that foolish acclamation is an inevitable phenomenon in the present condition of culture among us; and that to meet it with constant overt hostility is to come near attempting what Voltaire calls "the insane project of being perfectly wise." Those who deprecate all applause on the ground of its element of hysteria or unintelligible emotion, tend to forget that art itself—at all events the art of the singer—will hardly hold its rank without an explicit admission that the non-utilitarian impulses of expression in man are self-justifying. Applauding—art apart—is something like singing, in respect that it is a kind of spontaneous obedience to emotion. And while we must recognise that hissing is at least equally natural, and may further be claimed to be a more deliberate expression of sentiment, and therefore better entitled to tolerance, we seem forced to conclude that, since for the very reason of its liberateness it can the more easily be abstained from, it is well to forego the indulgence if it can be shown to lead to no good, and to some harm. In the case of a singer or actor who performs badly and is yet applauded, the note of hostility, as a matter of fact, is almost certain to intensify the applause. Does it do any good to the performer? One fears it does not. If he be conscientious, and conscious of failure, he gets flurried, and makes bad worse; whereas his conscientiousness would in any case have guarded him from deterioration; and if he be vain and self-satisfied a few hisses will only make him believe that he is assailed by personal enemies, and accept the more greedily the favourable verdict of the majority. In those cases, again, in which the performer deservedly meets a cold reception, it can hardly be worth while to add

hissing to discouraging apathy. Here also the tendency would be to give him the notion that there is a conspiracy against him; whereas simple indifference might goad him to improvement.

After all, most people who acquiesce in the foregoing remarks will perhaps do so from a feeling not thus far touched upon, and tending to evade ratioinative analysis—the sense, namely, that there is in the act of hissing, in respect not merely of its form but of its purpose, an element of roughness and boorishness which discords with social usages as now developed; and, all things considered, that position seems practically impregnable, though it is well to satisfy ourselves that the sub-rational conviction is countenanced by the rational. It may, indeed, be doubted whether that is quite a healthy state of things in which it is felt inexpedient to openly express our opinions on each other's failings in each other's company, while we hold ourselves free to do it in each other's absence; or to explicitly condemn play, a performer, or a piece of music at the time of hearing, while we are prepared to speak and print our censure afterwards. One hopes at times that the tendency of things—and it would seem to be partly demonstrated in America—is towards a spread of self-respecting frankness in all social relations. Dissimulation and subterfuge, though unhappily necessary in ordinary intercourse, for peace sake, are evils all the same; and it is rather depressing to think of a reign of sham compliments and hollow lip civility as destined to subsist among men to the end of the chapter. But it is scarcely possible to believe that an eruption of pitiless reciprocal criticism could smooth the path to better things. We are irreclaimably social animals, and we must make large concessions both to the ideal and to each other if we are to rub along in tolerable comfort. So we sum up that the old fashion of hissing author, work, and performer was essentially connected with a greater capacity than ours for mutual rudeness in ordinary intercourse, all traditions of old-fashioned politeness notwithstanding; and that the relation between auditor and performer, being distinctly if remotely a personal one, should be regulated by the principles of amenity and forbearance which obtain in association on a private scale. The harmful side of that amenity and forbearance is the prevalence of thoughtless acquiescence and insincere compliment, with their consequences of moral and mental laxity; and it is a weak optimism which makes light of these elements of disease in the body social; but we cannot afford to prescribe a drastic treatment either to the few or to the many. Of course aggressively offensive misdeeds, generally speaking, meet with express social protest; and in the same way pronounced offences by artists against good taste, or clear displays of contempt for public criticism, may be and are hissed with nothing but good effect; but as we distinguish between failings and offences, so let us distinguish between faulty performance and offensive conduct on the part of artists in public. Let us withdraw, or write, or censure elsewhere, but let us eschew hissing.

CHOPIN was the only political pianist; he produced Poland; he composed Poland.—LENZ.

A PUPIL should not be kept too long to the study of one method, or of the taste of one nation. What is truly beautiful must not be imitated, but *felt*, and assimilated with the individual genius.—JOSEPH ELSNER.

LENZ once said to Chopin, "Do you study much just before a concert?" He answered, "It is a dreadful time for me; I do not like public life, but it is a part of my profession. I shut myself up for a fortnight and play Bach. That is my preparation. I do not practise my own compositions."

WE cannot but believe that the criticism which denies the superiority of an artist like Schubert over one who occupies himself in scoring tame operatic melodies, will disappear; and that, henceforth, we shall consider the quality of the expression whatever may be the size of the form chosen for its vehicle.—LISZT.

Four Great Singers I have Heard.

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GREAT singers obtain a peculiarly affectionate place in the memory, because they are related to experiences of an intensely pleasurable kind. Under the excitation of music, delivered by an attractive personality, the feelings are so fixed as to become matter of reference when all recollection of more rational moods has passed away. It may be that memory often plays us false, and that we do not restore the past so much as state an ideal which has slowly shaped itself in our minds. Yet reminiscence has its uses and certainly its pleasures, however impugnable may be the judgments formed under the glamour of art.

The first of the great singers I have heard was Grisi. This famous artist had for twenty-five years been practically supreme in opera before that last and unfortunate London engagement when I saw her step upon the stage as *Lucrezia*. Her achievements had become a part of the stream of musical tradition. Connoisseurs loved to talk of the noble voice, the physical loveliness, and the dramatic power which had provoked enthusiasm in every capital of Europe, even while Pasta's sun had not yet begun to set. Bellini was known to have had her gifts in view when writing his "Norma;" and it was on record that the success of that opera was as much due to Grisi's rendering of "Adelgisa" as to Pasta's presentation of the leading rôle. Subsequently Grisi assumed the part of her great compeer, and although Norma in her hands did not become a fresh creation, it was remembered as a singularly insistent and sufficient characterisation. Her voice had then a clarion-like quality, capable of great tenderness as well as of emotional vehemence. Especially remarkable were her gradations of tone, the whole of her fine soprano remaining pure and equal throughout its compass of two octaves. Her first appearance in London was with Rubini and Tamburini in the opera of "Semiramide." In anticipation of her appearance, the musical public had wrought itself up to a high pitch of excitement. The entrances to the opera house were thronged long before the hour of admission, and many fainted in the crush. On this occasion Pasta is said to have occupied a stage box and to have led the applause, evincing a superiority to that jealousy which is the bane of the artistic life. With Grisi's marriage to the famous tenor, Mario, began a partnership that opera-goers long regarded as the golden phase of the art. Never before had there been a conjunction of elements so blend of grace, power, and distinction. When Alboni and Lablache formed part of the caste, as was mostly the case, they were an incomparable quartet, raising enthusiasm to a torrid point. Grisi, while travelling over Europe and America, and winning applause everywhere, contrived to miss but one London season between the years 1834 and 1861. It was in 1866, after having quitted the stage for a short period, that she again essayed the part of *Lucrezia* at Covent Garden. The public once more warmly greeted its idol, and it was difficult for even the most coldly critical to refuse to do homage to that noble presence. As the opera proceeded it was seen that Grisi had lost none of her power of impassioned energy; the dramatic feeling and the art were there; but the voice had lost much of its power to second them. Queen she had been, but her reign was over. Like many a favourite, she had not strength to give up her hold on the public, and, trying to retain the supremacy, won regretful affection for the past, rather than unalloyed homage for the present. It has been said that Grisi was not a creative artist, that she caught her inspiration from Pasta. Possibly; but her personality was so marked, her gifts,

enjoyed in her own right, so shining, that all she did seemed the very realisation of character stamped with originality.

Alboni was a singer that conquered by sheer beauty of tone. Her name has been much less sounded in the popular ear than that of Grisi and some other eminent artistes; but she has been termed, and with truth, the greatest contralto of the nineteenth century. Rossini stood sponsor to her first engagement, and Berlioz wrote a long eulogy of her vocalisation. Her voice was a magnificent contralto, rising easily through nearly three octaves, and with that luscious, tremulous quality in the low notes suggestive of thrushes singing with full-throated ease. It was Talfourd who said of a certain actress that she had "corn, wine, and oil" in her looks, and in the opinion of those who saw Alboni in the heyday of her youth and charms, this description might fairly be applied to her. Her face had "a broad, sunny, Italian beauty, incapable of frown;" her figure was "wrought in lines of voluptuous symmetry." Alboni first appeared in England in 1847, when she sang in company with Grisi and Persiani; and no one dreamed that these fixed stars could be outshone. However, on the morning after the performance of "Semiramide," in which she played Arsace, Alboni found that she had London at her feet. Such a free and swelling stream of melody had not for many a day been heard to issue from any throat. For a time Grisi had to content herself with a divided worship; the young contralto was the vogue, and the manager was stimulated to raise her salary from £500 to £2000. It was the same everywhere. A Parisian audience, which had neither the kindness nor the artistic enthusiasm to raise a welcoming hand, yielded to her first notes. They were the very ravishment of sound—the most luscious outpouring of melody that the air of Italy had ever succeeded in compassing. Even after she had made her perilous attempt to force her voice into the soprano range, the fascination remained. An experiment that would probably have been fatal to most singers, proved in her case only a temporary deflection from the true line of art. Though essentially a singer with only a moderate share of dramatic power, she yet aimed at a very wide range of character, and it cannot be said that in any she conspicuously failed. A certain monotony was, however, chargeable upon her art, and this on its vocal as well as its histrionic side. Some singers have had the power to infuse variety into the stereotyped embellishments of the Italian school. Alboni was not one of these. Her *fioriture* and ornamentation heard once, were heard for all times; their after effect was one of tone, and this was so luscious that no ear could weary of it. In the later years of her artistic life she included Azucena in "Il Trovatore" in her repertory, and looking back upon the early performances of Verdi's work, it would seem as if they had a magic that the opera no longer exercises. The magic was largely that of Alboni. Up till 1864 she continued to delight the public, and, with an abnegation rather rare in her walk of life, then retired, her powers being still in their fulness. She still lives at Paris, adding to the reputation she had formed for herself on the stage, that of being a singularly sincere, fascinating, warm-hearted woman.

Of Jenny Lind a volume might be written. To all but those who shared in it, the *furore* regarding this great singer must seem rather incomprehensible. If one analysed her art the incomprehensibility was in no respect removed. In one or other quality it would be possible to name singers who surpassed the "Swedish Nightingale." In natural gifts of voice she had more than one compeer; in dramatic energy, in versatility she did not shine serene above all others. Her power sprang rather from a co-ordination of qualities artistic and personal; in short, from the fact that she was Jenny Lind. The public which would have conceded nothing on the score of early hardship, found, when the singer's power was acknowledged, a certain stimulus to admiration in remembering her

lowly birth and youthful struggles. How near that Lind fever, which, starting in Berlin, spread the whole world over, still seems! It is one of the inexplicable things of life that a young, and in many ways unremarkable girl, should have this power to arouse so much genuine and permanent emotion. If we may believe contemporary accounts, the effect of her first appearance in London can only be described in language that resembles hyperbole. One critic wrote that "it was a curious experience to sit and wait for what should come next, and to wonder whether it really was the case that music never had been heard till the year 1847." In truth, it seemed as if this were so. That bright and thrilling voice seemed to come to many listeners as a fresh revelation of the beautiful. Such sympathy and tenderness of tone, along with a certain nameless charm of personality, could not but win all hearts, and even obscure to some extent the weaknesses which a cooler criticism would have noted. Even yet it is not quite easy to set her powers as an artiste in the true perspective. Some remember most keenly her gift of expression; others speak of her wondrous pianissimo; while yet others retain vivid recollection of the brilliancy of her ornamentation. Perhaps the real secret of her sway was the absolute sincerity of her art. Without transcending in histrionic power, she could be in one rôle arch and fascinating; in another simple with the naïveté of a young pure-hearted girl; in another charged with deep feeling; while in all there was an indescribable charm of vocalisation which no audience could resist. Her Norma lacked somewhat in tragic strength; only a woman of quick, southern blood can do justice to the darker sides of that character. In her Amina in "Sonnambula" there was a more complete general adequacy as well as fresh points of characterisation. Jenny Lind will, however, be remembered by the largest number of people as she appeared in the concert-room. Who indeed can forget her rendering of her national songs? Grace, simplicity, a perfect pianissimo and a ringing, radiant tone—but when all is said something remains that cannot be put in words. The hearer only knew that music seemed for the time to possess a diviner quality, and that his ears were insatiable. When Jenny Lind disappeared from the stage and concert-room she left a fragrant memory, and those who worshipped her art, have learned to respect her for the splendid generosities which she has practised, and for the high character which, as Madame Goldschmidt, she has preserved in society.

Titiens is the fourth of the great artistes to be referred to at this time. In the opinion of many she was the last of a line of great tragic singers; and it adds to the keenness of regret for her early death that she was as lovable as she was distinguished. There was much less of the character of a "phenomenon" in Titiens' first appearance than in that of Grisi or Jenny Lind. She had won golden opinions in her native Hamburg, and in Frankfurt and Vienna her power had been acknowledged; but England was unmoved when she first appeared as Valentine in the "Huguenots." Her success was, however, immediate; and from 1858 until her death, with slight intervals, she made England practically her home, growing year by year in the affection of the more critical public. Everything in Titiens was cast in a generous mould. Her voice was a marvel of fulness and flexibility. In mere power it completely dominated that of every soprano of her time; and its evenness, its pure liquid tones in the upper notes, the resonance of the middle voice, and the thrilling accents of her lower register were a never failing delight. Then her presence was a noble, commanding one, the features, and notably the eyes, being eloquent of intellect and feeling. Even while a novice her style was remarkable for largeness and breadth; anyone might have predicted that the beautiful girl who stepped tremblingly on the boards before a strange audience to sing in an imperfectly learned language, would re-create the

grandest type of stage character. She had the best kind of genius for dramatic work—that which combines energy of temperament with flexibility and strength of intellect. Her Norma was a massively-outlined performance, filling the eye and ear; there never was any danger that an "Adalgisa" should, as Grisi did, dwarf the proportions of the central figure. In Leonora she glowed with passion, while in Donna Anna the sonorous beauty of her tones has perhaps not been rivalled. Titien was, moreover, at all times an actress, never a vocal decorator. If the composer had written embellishments they were sung with superb spirit and ease, but she never imitated her famous predecessors who were wont to provide vocal flights for themselves. For this reason her genius always seemed to find fullest scope in works of the German school. Such a scene as "Durch die Walder" in "Der Freischütz," where fear, devotion, tenderness, and triumphant joy terminate, became in her hands something never to be forgotten. In Beethoven's "Fidelio"—most moving of operas—Titien's singing and acting had a penetrating truthfulness, and when occasion demanded, a splendour of declamation that might have moved the dullest to enthusiasm. The supreme agony expressed in her voice and gesture when assisting to dig her husband's grave, held the auditors at a high tension of feeling; and nothing could exceed the certainty of her intonation, and the exultant trumpet quality of her tones in the closing scene. In oratorio—a sphere which makes crucial demands on the singer, Titien equally excelled. Some of Handel's airs were invested by her with rare dignity. One of her favourite arias was "From Mighty Kings" in Judas Maccabeus, and here the perfection of her phrasing, the fine fluency and fulness of her voice had admirable scope. How affluent the tones! how consummate the art! Season after season Titien continued to delight audiences throughout the United Kingdom; occupying without pretension the highest place equally on the lyric stage and in the concert-room; and when so early snatched away her voice had scarcely lost any of its pristine beauty. A great singer and actress moving in the heights alone: a woman invested with all human graces, Titien will rise in the memory when music exerts its deepest power and sweet character seems the best worth prizes in life. H. NORTH.

Stanze for Music.

:o:
V.—POESY.

Poesy, Poesy!
What a fleeting sprite is she!
She is lawless and defiant
Masterless and free.
She is Cytherea, riant;
She is Pallas, and a giant;
There is nothing in the aether that she shall not be.

Poesy, Poesy!
Everywhere is she!
She is ever near and yet
Ever plumed to flee;
A damsel with eyes of jet,
Pacing in a minuet;
A mermaiden on the bosom of the sleeping sea.

Poesy, Poesy!
Epicene is she!
She is not a laurelled muse:
She shall be but if she choose—
Fitfully;
She is not to be destroyed,
She is bodiless and void,
Would a mortal see:
Nothing but a viewless cadence,
Changeful as the minds of maidens,
Pulsing strangely, unobeying, through all things
that be. JOHN ROBERTSON.

On the Banks of the Wye.

HEREFORE, with its beautiful cathedral, has in its normal state many charms for the visitor, and when made gay with flowers, triumphal arches, mottoes of welcome, and other emblems of festivity, there are few cities that offer a fairer picture to the eye. The "Three-Choirs" Festival is in all three cities regarded as an occasion for high holiday; and Hereford being the scene of the inauguration of the meetings more than a century ago, it has a prescriptive right to put on the garments of rejoicing. There was the more reason for being *en fete*, in that the causes which a few years ago imperilled the life of the festivals have been removed, and the "Three-Choirs" have apparently entered upon an assured course, helpful to music-culture, and to "charity" that holds open hand with it.

The arrangements for the present Festival—extending over four days in accordance with practice dating from 1836—although hardly showing the amount of enterprise we have been taught to expect in these days of active musical production, were extensive and thorough. Two oratorios of the magnitude of the "Elijah" and the "Redemption" are a considerable undertaking; but these probably constituted the less formidable part of the choral work, while the "Messiah" hardly counts as in any sense an effort. Comment is needless on the performance of such familiar works. They had all the strength and accuracy of treatment to be expected from a body marshalled under so capable a musician as Dr Langdon Colborne, and all the impressiveness of delivery which earnestness and fitting environment confer. Dvorák's "Stabat Mater," which has taken rank as a classic though yet a new work, afforded perhaps a better measure of the capacity of the allied choirs and their reinforcements from Bradford and other parts. The work of the Bohemian composer suffered no injustice, the arduous writing being conquered with manifest love and enthusiasm. Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," with which Dvorák's composition was bracketed, had an equally reverent interpretation.

The two works specially written for this festival are fair examples of the minor class of vocal composition. Mr Charles Harford Lloyd has been honourably associated with the Three-Choirs Festival. Twice while organist at Gloucester he acted as conductor, and for the Festival of last year at Worcester he composed the Cantata "Hero and Leander," which has become a favourite among choral societies. It is, in truth, a work full of varied charm, and entitles its composer to hold up his head among musicians. The libretto of the "Song of Balder" produced at this Festival comes from Mr Weatherley's facile and graceful pen, and teems with musical possibilities, as did "Hero and Leander," owing the same literary genesis. The legend of "Balder" is favoured of the poets: it carries us backward to that twilight time when men opened simply-wondering eyes on the world and read their own unevolved passions into nature. Balder is the god of Light or Day; he is slain by Höder, the god of Darkness; he wakes to life, or in other words, comes again as the Dawn. Thus we are in region of the Sun-myth. Mr Lloyd's music achieves in effortless way what it aims to do, pleases at all times, and wins the intellect as well as the sympathetic ear. It is written for the soprano voice, chorus and orchestra; and Miss Anna Williams, to whom the work is dedicated, won much applause for her singularly firm and broad rendering of the solo part.

Dr Joseph Smith's cantata "St Kevin," which formed the second novelty, is a composition of greater ambition, and probably of greater origin-

ality, although as yet the composer shows something less than perfect ease in the technique of his art. The subject which has occupied Dr Smith—a well-known Dublin musician—is a lachrymose set of verses by Gerald Griffin, narrating the fate of a certain Kathleen, who sought the love of St Kevin, a holy youth who should have had no thought of earthly passion. At first she succeeds, but St Kevin wrestles with his passion. His love turns to hatred, and ends in something that might be called murder were the agent not a saint.

"Again he hears that ringing mock,
The visioned stillness breaking,
And hurls the maiden from the rock
Into the black lake, shrieking."

From which it will be seen that the poet's pinions are not yet remarkable for strength.

The music is unequal; at his best, in the choral work, Dr Smith is too easily led into diffuseness, and there is just an occasional suggestion of inability to say his say and be done with it like a man of sense. This being said, there must, however, be made acknowledgment of some genuinely effective writing. The air, "I fear he told me truly," had the ring of true music, and an instrumental intermezzo showed really clever scoring.

Bach's "Ein Feste Burg," which shared an evening programme with Spohr's "Last Judgment," is so much of a novelty that special notice of it in a place where much later work must be passed over, is justifiable. A correspondent says of the theme of the work:—"It is both musically and historically interesting: historically, from the fact of the melody which forms the text or theme of the work having been originally composed or arranged by Martin Luther about the year 1530, and having also been sung over his grave when buried at Wittenburg in 1546. It is musically interesting from its world-wide popularity, and from its introduction by composers of all styles into compositions which are more or less known by all lovers of music. Bach has used the chorale in the cantata under notice; Mendelssohn brings it into the finale of his 'Reformation Symphony'; Nicolai has it in his 'Fest' overture; Wagner introduces it in his 'Kaiser-marsch,' while everybody knows what a prominent position is assigned to it in Meyerbeer's grand opera 'Les Huguenots.' When 'Mrs Brown' first heard Bach's 'Passion Music,' she was delighted with the 'new' composition, as it introduced so many of her favourite tunes out of 'Hymns Ancient and Modern.' It would certainly be difficult to find a collection of hymn tunes which did not include 'Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott.' In its original form it stood thus:



"Ein feste Burg ist uns - er Gott."

but it is generally sung thus:



The following extract will serve as a specimen of the elaborate counterpoint with which Bach has clothed it in the duet, 'Our utmost might,' for soprano and bass:



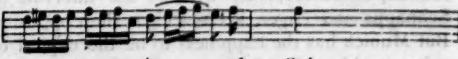
Our ut - most might



All - men, All -



is all in vain, &c.



men born of God.

It is only a short work, consisting of seven numbers and the chorale, the greater part of it being in the key of D major. The accompaniments are very florid but remarkably graceful, while there is a freshness of style and character which one fails to find in the compositions of more modern times."

Bach's work was given with the additional accompaniments supplied by Mr Otto Goldschmidt for the London Bach Choir. It was by no means the most satisfactory performance of the four days, Bach's method being a crux to many singers who are facile in modern works; and it is to be feared the audience did not wholly escape the sensation of weariness. The truth is, some of the special kind of interest illustrated by the above quotation should be taken to the hearing of Bach's work.

It only remains to be added that the miscellaneous concerts in the Shire Hall presented much noble music in a worthy way. The soloists were Madame Albani, Miss Anna Williams, Miss H. Coward, Madame Patey, Madame Enriquez, Mr Santley, Mr E. Lloyd, Mr H. Kearton, and Mr Brereton, all artistes whose performances need no detailed description. Over 7000 persons attended the Festival, this being a considerable increase as compared with last Festival returns.

The Wagner Festival at Munich.

[By our Special Correspondent.]

If a composer's popularity can be said to have attained its full height when his works are adopted by brass bands at places of entertainment, and by barrel-organs, the popularity of Wagner, in Germany, would appear to be beyond dispute. When at Nuremberg, my first halting place, I strolled into the inevitable pleasure-garden, the band was rendering, in a very painstaking and praiseworthy style, a Wagner entr'acte; and the next morning, as I stood upon the old Burg, looking at the quaint, mediaeval dream of peaked houses below me, the sound of a far-off instrument announced that the Nurembergers were again for the time Wagnerians. On this occasion it was a barrel-organ in the quarter of the town given over to a Vanity Fair of circuses, show-booths, and swings; though it must in justice be said that it was not the degraded instrument which trails a solitary leg, and supports a monkey. It was an organ of the right Wagnerian dimensions—an augmented and Titanic barrel-organ, with an iron constitution, which thundered out its selection from the "Tannhäuser" in tones that could be heard on the other side of the town. To one who had come to Germany to hear Wagner, these were signs of good omen; and though they may not justify any wide generalisation, they seemed to promise that I should find Wagner, in Germany at least, something more than the mere name which one finds him in England. So far as my brief experience has gone, the omen did not lie. Wagnerism, as a specific cult, may or may not be a power in Germany, but I have certainly been surprised at the volatile criticisms of men and women of a class which, in our own land, is not usually familiar with composers' names, and which is still less able to formulate, even at second hand, an intelligent judgment upon their works. At Munich, of course, this knowledge is much more extensive; and many who call themselves Wagnerians or Anti-Wagnerians in England would give not a little to be as well acquainted with his works as the little waitress who brings my coffee at the "Restauration," or as the impulsive rotundity who, in the intervals of Schnapps and Lager, keeps a cigar shop opposite. But Munich has the happiness to be the capital of a country blessed with the one useful monarch in

Christendom—a monarch who, in the dusk of kings, devotes himself in wise retirement to the arts in general, and to Wagner in particular; and to be ignorant of Wagner, in Munich, is almost a statutory crime. When presented with the usual police interrogations as to why I was here, and when I was going away, I felt that, although I had no passport, I had a tower of strength in the name of Wagner, and the dates of the performances. No Bavarian could loyally suspect a man of treasons, stratagems, and spoils, when so holy a motive could be assigned for his pilgrimage hither.

Munich has, moreover, a magnificent theatre—the largest in Germany—close upon 150 feet high, by 200 broad, and over 200 deep, with an additional stage depth of 115 feet. It was not, it is true, built for an idea like that at Bayreuth, but it is admirable in its acoustic qualities, comfortably seated, and in itself impressive with its five tiers and ample pit. The orchestra is so far below the stage level as to be invisible from the back of the pit, though not sufficiently to prevent it being a disturbing element from the front seats and from the circles. The Nibelungen Ring has a somewhat unusual proportion of gloomy scenes, and when the house and stage were darkened the orchestra was thrown into rather striking relief for all except those fortunate enough to be in the hindmost rows of the pit. In all other respects the theatre, as theatres go, could scarcely be better appointed for the performance of a work which, perhaps more than any other ever performed, taxes the resources of theatrical art. In the mind of the ordinary English reader, accustomed to regard Mr Irving's scenic settings and Drury Lane transformation scenes as the highest productions of stage artifice, the perusal of the directions given by Wagner in his libretti must awaken a certain feeling of hopelessness; and if by any chance he has seen them rendered in an English theatre, he will probably have come to the conclusion that Wagner should have concealed the stage as well as the orchestra. The endless flowing waters, the floating clouds, the darknesses that fall and the darknesses that rise, the lifting and deepening mists, swimming and galloping maidens, Tarn-helm transformations, giants, dragons, and the like cited in the scene-descriptions, appear to be called into requisition without any consideration for the limitations of carpenters, scene-painters, and property-men. In point of fact, the strain to meet them is an exceedingly severe one, and under the best present conditions an occasional failure in illusion, if no more ludicrous disaster, is only what has to be expected. It speaks highly for the Munich Hof-Theater that Wagner's stage-directions were closely adhered to, and for the most part with exceedingly impressive results. The scenery was invariably good, and in some of the leading scenes, of unusual artistic merit; the manipulation of the innumerable changes had evidently been well-rehearsed; and the performances considered as merely spectacular would have been sufficient to attract an audience. As it was, the theatre was well filled throughout the series—the average audience being probably not far short of 2000; and from the low E flat which opens the "Rhinegold" to the final D of the "Götterdämmerung" there was nothing to show that their attention was not completely held. The orchestra of from sixty to seventy performers, though by no means perfect, stuck to their arduous work so manfully that it would be unfair to criticise harshly the occasional raggedness inevitable in the course of four or five hours' almost incessant labour; and the singing—occasionally brilliant—reached over the whole performance an unusually high level.



Certainly it would have been difficult for the most pronounced antagonist of the master to have maintained his prejudices in the face of the opening scene of the Rhinegold, when after the brief undulating prelude—with that leading elemental

motive which reappears in changed time as the motive of the Fates—the curtain rises on the home of the Rhine-maidens, Woglinde, Wellgunde, and Flosshilde. The cleverness of the mechanism, by which the flow of the Rhine-torrent and the movements of the maidens were represented, was indisputable even by those who had the unwise curiosity to dissect the scene with their opera glasses. Indeed its superficial attractiveness was sufficient to lead most of the auditors to overlook the fact that an important group of motives is stated in it—the motive of the Rhine daughters in the song of Woglinde; that of Menace when Alberich driven to anger by their coquetry shakes his fist at them; those of the Rhinegold in the trumpet-call which preludes the awakening of the gold, and in the concerted song with which the glory is hailed by the sisters; and those of the Ring and of the Renunciation of Love in Wellgunde's narration of the mystery of the gold. It is only in the subsequent development of the piece, that the majority of those who listen without prior knowledge of the score, begin to wish that they had more carefully analysed the component elements of the introductory scene. The Walhall scene, which follows the disappearance of Alberich with the gold, and that finely conceived and well executed sinking downwards of the waters in an ever-darkening torrent, was not quite so happy, though the clearing of the mists from the lofty battlements and giant-built dome was admirably managed. No ordinary god and goddess could have slept with any degree of comfort in the situation necessitated by the fact that Fricka had to awake with one eye upon Walhall in the background, and the other upon the audience in the front.

It is probably at this point that the intelligent listener first begins to perplex his soul with problems which rapidly succeed each other throughout the Cycle. In the theme with which the scene opens he probably recognizes a changed presentation of the Motive of the Ring appearing as the Motive of Walhall, and linking in some measure the two scenes together. With the exercise of a little ingenuity he speedily arrives at the conception that Walhall is the symbol of a coveted supremacy on the part of Wotan as the Ring was on the part of Alberich, and that similar fate has befallen both Nibelung and Deity—the Nibelung having renounced love for power as embodied in the Rhinegold, the god having placed the Goddess of Love in pawn for Walhall. By the time he has discovered this common basis for the dramatic interaction of the lords of Walhall and Nibelheim, he is in the thick of reproduced prior motives, such as that of the Renunciation of Love in the dialogue between Wotan and Fricka, and of a swarm of new ones such as those of the bond entered upon by Wotan with the giants—an emphatic descending sequence of notes, that of Freia and those termed by Wolzogen the motives of Love's Fascination and of Flight. With a brief mental calculation of the permutations and combinations possible even with those already enunciated, he surrenders himself to the stream with no small dread of what threatens to be the exceedingly complex future. Possibly he is reminded of the song of Hans Sachs' apprentice in the "Meistersinger," in which he relates to Walter the interminable code of tones and modes in use by singers—"Der 'kurze,' 'lang,' und 'überlang' Ton," and the rest of them down to the "buttgänzende Draht" mode. Happily, however, despite all that has been said of the complexity and unintelligibility of the method, the labour soon becomes easy and pleasant. The motives are for the most part brief, many of them, it must be admitted, are by no means novel, and few involve any serious strain to grasp and apply. Before long a harder and extraneous problem must occur to the mind—the question, how far one's pleasure in the piece is composed of the satisfaction felt in successfully solving a series of riddles whose meaning is after all not hard to read. It is a new form of the old difficulty in eliminating the pleasure

arising from a sense of obstacles overcome, from one's critical judgment of a literary work in a foreign language. I confess that I have a strong suspicion that Wagner's use of motives in the Nibelung's Ring, though often unexceptionable, would more often be found to be the musical counterparts of the old poetic conceits, and not infrequently even raw and crude. I say it with every wish to find in Wagner a new musical revelation of the highest kind and with much genuine admiration for him.

Some of the motives, such as that of the giants, which next appears as the forerunner of Fafner and Fasolt, who come to claim their bond, are of a humorously impressive character. It is impossible to take seriously this great rocking ponderous tramp in the base, which is admirable as a jocular representation of the orthodox giant, and which temporarily introduces a high burlesque element:



In the subsequent debate for the possession of Freia, the interest takes a keener turn when Loge is introduced with the flickering chromatic passage which indicates his godship of fire. Loge—half Mercury, half Mephistopheles—if not the most important character in the Rhinegold, is at least that which stands in strongest relief. Wotan and Fricka have a divine vagueness, if not a divine want, of character through greater part of the cycle, and only once or twice find marked outline and colour. Freia is a fair puppet, of importance only as the outward and visible sign of matters discussed by the other characters, and indicated in the orchestral work; the giants are decent, homely giants, and Alberich, though he has in him the making of character, has something too much of the fool grafted on the knave. Loge, however, is drawn with a much firmer hand, and the part is one in which Herr Vogel has won a high reputation. I cannot say that I regard it as his highest dramatic achievement. His fine, ringing, virile voice, his perfect knowledge of his music, and his apparent frank pleasure in his work, win for him at once the sympathy of his audience and render his work uniformly enjoyable. But it is impossible to overlook the fact that his art as an actor has many limitations, and that he is at his best in free declamatory or narrative passages, in which Herr Vogel can be more or less Herr Vogel. His narration of his search for the means of Freia's redemption was given with the old power, which won so much approval at the London performance.

Perhaps more artistically effective than the Walhall scene, was the scene of the descent to Nibelheim, the caverns lit with the red glow of the forges being more manageable than the reproduction of a huge palace belonging to a lost architectural scheme. The cleverly written anvil passage, in which the F treble, tenor, and bass anvils clank out the Nibelungen rhythm to the responsive orchestra, introduced a new actor in the person of Herr Schlosser, whose Mime—especially later on in the Siegfried—was exceedingly praiseworthy. The unfortunate part of the scene was that the Tarn-helm did not work well. The smoke column was never sufficient to hide Alberich's disappear-

ances, and the sight of an actor dodging behind boulders when he should melt into thin air is too probable an interpretation of the old mysteries to satisfy the imagination. When at the appearance and requests of Wotan and Loge, Alberich takes on the shape of a dragon to a winding or heaving motive—a little suggestive of sea-sickness—from the basses, the effect is even more comical; and the toad-transformation was wisely supposed to take place behind a boulder. The tenor of the scene, from the flogging of Mime to the binding of Alberich, was grotesquely humorous, somewhat to the detriment of the realization of the fateful consequences of the action. The serious element, it is true, becomes prominent again with the reappearance of the scene before Walhall, in which the gods despoil the captive Nibelung to the forging rhythm in the crescendo of the bass motive expressive of the rise of the gold from Nibelheim. But the fine climax of the imprecation pronounced by Alberich on the King, and the renewal of the joy of the gods above the low tramp in the bass, again bring in the humorous giant-motive. It does not, of course, come alone. The important elemental motive, modified to express the Fates, and its species of inversion as the motive of the Götterdämmerung, are here introduced, but the giants when present tend to dominate the scene and dwarf gods and fates alike. When under the curse of the King, Fafner slays Fasolt and gathers up the booty, one feels a sense of relief that one of them, at least, is out of the way. It must be said, however, that here, and consistently throughout the performances, the fighting was badly done. Fafner lays his tree-trunk on the shoulder of Fasolt in such a friendly manner, that it is quite gratuitous on the part of Fasolt to give up the ghost in consequence. In the fight between Siegmund and Hunding the actors were evidently terribly afraid of hurting each other. Hagen, in the Götterdämmerung, never once got near the unhappy Gunther; he made a thrust in the air on one side of the stage, and the monarch obligingly fell dead on the other. Wotan, in the Siegfried, stretches out his spear as far as he can, and turns his head away while the hero chops it in half. A fencing bout on the English stage is a miracle of realism to the pat and poke of the Munich actors, who have chosen the opposite extreme to that grieve through the armour which Mr Irving used to love, or to the pleasing and festive way in which Mr Barry Sullivan used to work his weapon about in his victim.

In point of excellence the first scene was rivalled by the last, in which Donner mounts the crag, and calling his storm-clouds about him, smites upon the rock with his hammer, building amid the lightning flashes the rainbow-bridge to the new abode of the gods. The conception is a stirring one in itself; and with the accompanying sweep and clangour of the musical storm leading up through the pleasant ripple of violins and harps to the fine Walhall march, it forms a singularly effective climax.

The preludes of Wagner's operas are all of them of a nature to command attention, and there is no possibility of overlooking the stormy opening of the "Walküre" with its thirty-six-barred D and heavily rolling bass, out of which the motive of Siegmund gradually shapes itself. From the first rush of the weary hero into the barbaric dwelling of Hunding, the act went almost without a fault. There is no questioning the important place which it takes in Wagner's works. It is in a high degree dramatic in its action, and has in it of course the love-scene between Siegmund and Sieglinde, which abounds in lyric passages of genuine poetic merit. The music also, a strong piece of work considered from the motive point of view as an interweaving of symbolic phrases, is exceedingly telling considered merely as tone-colouring and without relation to either past or future events. Herr Kindermann made a very serviceable Hunding, and Frau

Wekerlin, though with no superabundant dramatic ability, gave a representation of Sieglinde in most respects superior to her version of Gutrun. Herr Vogel's Siegmund, however, would have redeemed far inferior work on the part of his associates. The splendid song, which follows the bursting open of the door and the streaming of the spring moonlight into the dwelling,—

"Winter storms have
Waned to the winsome moon
And lo, in splendour,
Laugheth the Spring."

was sung with an amount of feeling for which his rendering of Loge had scarcely prepared one, and the great climax in which the sword is unsheathed from the ash-trunk—"Siegmund hight I"—with its ringing octaves—"Needful! Needful! Notable sword"—was magnificently declaimed.

It is possibly due in some respects to the highly wrought emotion of this first act that it is difficult to preserve any strenuous interest in much that follows. But not a little of the difficulty is also due to the fact that adequate stage rendering is hopeless. To any one who has heard the music of the fine Walküre ride without further accompaniment than his own imaginings, the incompetence of ordinary stage accessories to give a worthy representation must appeal somewhat painfully. Even the famous war-cry, "Hoyotoho," which tells forcibly in the music, has in it a certain vulgar quality when vocally rendered, especially when it terminates in the upward shriek of dotted crochet and quaver. The introductory scene between Wotan and Fricka (in which the marriage question is discussed, and in which a motive of holy wrath, which may be characterised as the Mrs Grundy motive, frequently appears), is even in its present form quite sufficiently prolonged; as also are the melancholy explanations which Wotan makes to Brünnhilde. These serve, however, to furnish the auditor with an interval of slower narrative in which to recover from the spell of the Hunding's Dwelling act, and they are succeeded by another strong scene at the reappearance of Siegmund and the distraught Sieglinde. From this point to the close, the act is an inspiration, both in its dramatic and musical conception; and the sinking to slumber of Sieglinde, overwrought with fears for her lover, and the insurgence of the sense of broken law, the annunciation of his fate to Siegmund by Brünnhilde, the defiance of Siegmund, the growth of a new pity in the Walküre, and finally the gathering of the thunder-storm amid which Siegmund fights Hunding on the mountain ridge, were all of them impressively rendered. Here again the immediate interest is so great as to obscure a more than usually complex web of motives attesting a species of genius in the composer which is, and is likely to remain for an age to come, altogether unique.

The assemblage of the Walkürs at the Walkürenstone was, for reasons already indicated, a partial failure. The scene itself, and the sweep of storm-clouds across the light in the background were unusually good, but there is no present method of rendering effectively such a stage direction as "a gleam of lightning breaks out in a passing cloud: a Walküre appears in it; over her saddle-bow hangs a slain warrior." Of course the magic lantern was called into play; and magic lanterns will occasionally lose their focus when passing clouds are in question, even if it does not chance that a Walküre appears standing on her head. Brünnhilde alone introduces a horse, not perhaps of the most heroic breed, but a well-trained animal, who remained unaffected by the roughest lights and the rowdiest brasses, and who only showed distinct emotion when Siegfried's spear was in its neighbourhood. A criticism of Wagner, from the point of view of a stage-horse, would probably be interesting reading. In the Götterdämmerung Frau Vogl very pluckily rides him, in saddleless Walküre fashion, at rather breakneck speed into the glow of the funeral pyre.

After the highly wrought climaxes of the first

and second acts, a third was scarcely to be expected, and the piece ends quietly enough with the scene in which Brünnhilde is laid to sleep by Wotan in the protecting circle of fire to await the awakening by Siegfried. If less dramatically striking than the two previous, the scene was a picturesque one, and the vocal and instrumental parts of subdued emotional interest. The fine song in which Brünnhilde defends her protection of Siegmund was well sung by Frau Vogl, though her Brünnhilde was most praiseworthy in the two subsequent plays. Her voice, though of admirable weight and fulness in the middle register, is somewhat low-pitched for the strain to which Wagner not unfrequently subjects his soprani. Both she and Herr Vogl, however, have what is scarcely of secondary importance to vocal power in a piece like this,—a fine physique which, not only aided the scenic effect, but responded to the heavy demands of the work with surprisingly few signs of wear and tear.



In the "Siegfried," one breathes a somewhat fresher air. There is a buoyant life in Siegfried which was wanting in Siegmund, in whose nurture a sterner hand had taken part than that of the dwarfed smith, Mime. Siegfried has been less trained for a purpose; he has grown up to it in free intercourse with nature, and as following the bent of his own dominant impulses. The over-hand of Fate is much less obvious than in the preceding play. At the same time the task of differentiating the not wholly dissimilar characters of father and son is not an easy one for an actor to achieve, and Herr Vogl can take to himself a good deal of credit for the measure of success which attended his efforts. His playing of Siegfried was his best work in the Tetralogy—a duplication of pleasure to the audience, since this section of the work is in itself perhaps that of most continuous charm. In the earlier portion, Herr Schlosser achieved an undoubted success in the part of Mime—a very carefully finished piece of acting. The chief observable fault was a tendency to become himself again when he had to act that he was acting. I mean that into the pathetic parts of Mime's narrative Herr Schlosser threw genuine pathos, forgetting to give any indication that Mime's pathos is sham pathos, not the real thing. There is reason for the grief and tenderness expressed in the accompaniment, which of course stands apart from Mime's sinister purpose in the matter.

The scene in which Wotan, as the Wanderer, engages in a strife of riddles with Mime, with the effective dramatic touch in which Wotan, describing his power and momentarily oblivious of his disguise, strikes the ground with his spear amid the sudden clash of the brasses, was of more stage interest than it is apt to appear in reading the libretto. But the special powers of both the leading actors were seen at their best in the powerful forging scene. Greater part of it was so good that it seems almost hypercritical to suggest faults in one or two matters of detail. Herr Vogl, however, has yet to learn the true smith's hammer sweep which accords with the accent in the score. Wagner could not have intended Siegfried to weld the sword throughout by little taps as though one were driving in tacks, with intervening pauses for the surveyal of the house. If I read rightly the accent and rests, a longer hammer sweep—except, of course, where the beat marks the time—is often intended, as well as the frequent turning of the steel. But there was no failure in the more important matter of the rendering of the three stirring songs belonging to this scene—the smelting song, the welding song, and the polishing song in which the old Siegmund cry of "Nothung! Nothung!" rings out anew. The scene is great, not only in its splendid barbarism, but in the skilful inweaving of Mime's songs with those of the hero.

After the brief scene between Alberich and Wotan, the humorous element again rises to the surface in Mime's description of the "awfully grisly, gruesome, dragon" his "frightful maw," "spittle's spume," "twisting tail," and "grimmiges hardened heart." It is worth a journey to Munich only to hear the chromatic wriggle of his tail. The short interval before the dragon's appearance is, however, delightfully filled with Siegfried's lonely meditation in the woods, and his attempts to imitate the birds with a reed pipe. The too brief forest symphony is one of those magical passages of finely woven musical undulation in which Wagner excels. It is a sorry exchange when one parts with it to interview the converted giant, Fafner, in his dragon-garb. The dragon was only impressive to the extent of being ponderously but unequivocally funny. The strained suspense of the audience before its appearance, the searching of the depths of the cavern with opera-glasses in the hope of some proleptic gratification, made it appear as though their highest pleasure in the Nibelung's Ring centred in the direful worm. The good-wife's husband in Ben Jonson's play is seemingly not without plenty of modern counterparts:—"The Devil for my money," 'a would say; 'I would fain see the Devil.' At length the trap-door in the back of the cavern rattled up and the massive monster rattled in, elevating in the air an exceedingly thin tail in a rhythmical and would-be threatening manner. Then it yawned and laughed. It did not exactly roar as gently as a sucking dove to avoid frightening the ladies, but it proved a very mild and well-disposed beast. One could not avoid painful visions of Herr Kindermann yawning behind a monstrous speaking trumpet. The fight was a sort of hit-me-anywhere-and-get-it-over performance. The dragon of course spat out its poisonous flame, but the steam-pipe and red light carried with them no illusion, and the bang of the wooden framework on the boards duly emphasized a very cheaply-bought victory. The nervous system of the articulata, moreover, is so distended that death is a slow process, and this unhappy worm never died. Even after he had raised himself to his full height and exclaimed "Siegfried!" in a manner which would have been a credit to any burlesque, he continued to have occasional convulsions, and had finally to help himself to the background when the hero is supposed to drag his corpse before the treasure cave. The desirability of its introduction at all is more than questionable, unless a more manageable brute can be invented. Happily the renewed forest symphony and delightful little bird-song rapidly efface its memory, and an anticipatory love melody accompanies the hero on his search for the flame-guarded Brünnhilde.

Wotan's vain interview with Erda—more powerfully conceived than interpreted—and Siegfried's contest with a victory over Wotan brings in the second love scene of the cycle, in which the hero, who has been reared in ignorance of womanhood, is to win the woman who has still the instincts of the virgin-band of Walkürs. The scene has some happy touches in the hesitant awakening of womanhood and gradual perfecting of passion. It has perhaps no passage of equal poetic feeling to the spring-song of Siegmund; but its rendering was more impassioned, even if there be not a stronger element of passion in the musical treatment, and led in fine crescendo up to the great duet—

"I stand in sight Of Siegfried's star; And for me he was, And for me he will be	"Broadly strikes me Brünnhilde's star! For me she was, And for me she will be
Own and always, One and all; Lighting Love, Laughing Death!	

It is open to question whether the last phrase anticipated Tennyson's "white funeral of the single life."

The opening scene of the "Götterdämmerung" was better rendered from the musical than from the dramatic point of view—the winding and cross-

throwing of the golden rope by the three motionless figures having a rather purposeless appearance upon the stage. It is of course strictly a prologue, and has to be considered apart from the main action of the piece, but its possibilities as a prologue of an unusually highly developed type were by no means fully utilized. The parting of Brünnhilde and Siegfried was, however, excellent in its implication of a mutual growth of character since the period of the love-scene—on her part, in gracious womanliness; on his in manliness and wisdom. Of the new characters, the Gibichungs, who find an early introduction, Herr Siehr's Hagen began well and ended indifferently, and Herr Gura's Gunther began indifferently and ended better. The scene, it may be remembered, contains a striking instance of Wagner's love for dramatic as well as musical antithesis of a more or less violent kind—the passage in which Siegfried quaffs to Brünnhilde's memory the magic draught which is to obliterate it and fix his passion upon Gutrune. Other instances will readily recur, such as the draught in which Tristan and Isolde drink an imagined death to find an overwhelming passion, but few are so striking as that in the Gibichung scene. It may be thought, however, that they follow one another a little too closely when the next scene exhibits Brünnhilde, consigning Walhall to ruin, rather than part with the pledge of Siegfried's love, at the very moment when Siegfried is climbing the rock to snatch it from her in the guise of Gunther.

The scene of Gunther's house, though very far from crowded with detail, was picturesque enough in outline and made a very good framework for the host whom Hagan summons to the wedding feast. The training of subordinates had in this case been far more efficient than for a later performance of "Tristan"; and their grouping in barbaric armour was not less interesting in its way than their choral work. Considering the value of men's voices alone in choral work, none too frequent use is made of them in opera, and Wagner's male choruses in this scene lend much to the weird colouring of the work. The dramatic climax of the act in which Brünnhilde, convinced of Siegfried's treachery, opposes her oath to his, and leagues with Hagen and Gunther for his death, was in the main well handled, the resurgence of the old Walküre spirit in Brünnhilde, and the obliviousness of Siegfried, being especially ably indicated. But both Herr Vogl and Frau Vogl were seen to advantage in the whole piece, the former showing in the banter with the Rhine maidens and in the hunting scene the same buoyant power which had characterised his Siegfried throughout, while the latter, playing with more than usual freedom, showed something very like dramatic power in the closing scene. For the most part her acting, though evidently well studied, was lacking in pliancy and spontaneity, and the abandon of the death scene was a distinct gain to the piece. Of the music of the Götterdämmerung, and indeed of the whole Tetralogy, I have said little or nothing; it requires separate and exclusive treatment, and I am concerned chiefly with a special performance. So far as that was concerned, it convinced me that, all fault notwithstanding, a trip to Munich to hear the Nibelungen was well worth taking.

Munich, Sep. 15th. MORTIMER WHEELER.

The "Elijah" and "Mors et Vita."

(By an Old Concert-goer.)

ONE who was present at the production of "Elijah" in 1846 can scarcely be expected to have preserved any strong liking for the critical craft. Forty years of fairly close connection with the art, render the musician somewhat indifferent to that balancing of niceties and summing-up of theory

which enter so largely into the business of musical criticism. This is perhaps a barren business at the best; but it seems peculiarly arid at a time of life when music is sought rather for its solacing power than as an opportunity of emphasising the idiosyncrasy of the listener. However, having been drawn by various considerations to the recent Birmingham Festival, I shall not refuse to send you some notes to be read as personal impressions rather than as judgments based upon canons of criticism, which I notice are in some quarters very positively referred to, but rarely expressed.

Years that represent the life of a man pass very lightly in the world of art. On the morning when the solemn tones of the prophet once more announced the theme of the "Elijah," there was practically a new generation of singers and instrumentalists to render and of listeners to follow the drama, but in no way, except in greater fulness, could the event be said to differ from that in which Mendelssohn himself figured. "Elijah" is a work which has not yet felt the touch of time; and Dr Richter, whose Wagnerian bias is evidently not incompatible with catholicity of temper, conducted the work with no greater divergence from the Mendelssohn tradition than must be conceded to the individuality of every interpreter. Something of that exhaustless care which Mendelssohn himself exercised, must have been taken with the chorus and orchestra. And what has to be said of the performance is true in regard to the public appreciation. There was no trace of weariness as of hearing a too-frequent tale, no suspicion that new men and new methods had appeared to captivate the public taste, and to demand a kindly tolerance for what was old. Perhaps the power and beauty of the work, varying ever and always elevated, have never made a more vivid impression.

Much of the interest with which I approached Gounod's "Mors et Vita" was derived from my freshened acquaintance with Mendelssohn's work. It seemed to me I might employ even my prejudices in marking the changes, for the better or otherwise, which the later musician has introduced into oratorio. One wide divergence there undoubtedly is. The theme of the "Elijah" is treated partly in narrative, partly in drama, and partly didactically, but always in the spirit of cultured Protestantism. Gounod's work is largely a scheme of theology expressed through the forms of the Church of the South; forms that to the average English mind are inseparable from archaic suggestions. To perform the work in the Latin was further to mark this divergence. When we pass to the music features are disclosed which certainly point to a new spirit in operation, though whether this results in progress or merely in variation I do not pretend here to decide. I cannot believe that oratorio is advanced by minimising the value of the voices. The human voice is as exquisite an instrument as any in the orchestra, and to restrict the choir, as M. Gounod largely does, to the supplying of masses of unmelodic harmony, while string, wood, and brass are made the exponent of what stands for musical thought, seems an inversion of approved method rather difficult to justify. Mendelssohn, who did not dream of bringing four hundred voices together in order to employ them in singing a series of chords or sequential passages that might well stand in the exercise book of every student of harmony, was as fully alive as Gounod to the value of the orchestra. The instrumentation of the latter, beyond all praise as it is, in point of invention, warmth, and mastery of means, contains—apart from the set use of representative themes—no features that may not be paralleled in the "Elijah." It is worth recalling, moreover, that one of the first instances of the employment of the *leit-motif* which is worked by M. Gounod at the peril of monotony is to be found in an early production of Mendelssohn. Making allowance for difference of theme and of individuality in the composers, if one were to ask what "Mors et Vita" presents as the effect of the forty

years of musical culture since the production of the "Elijah," the answer would probably be: on the vocal side an infinitely less effective use of means, on the orchestral side the importation into the mechanism of instrumental expression of a principle which was formally adopted by Wagner as one of the adjuncts of the acted drama, and which in M. Gounod's work does not wholly escape the suggestion of artificiality.

St. Cecilia.

By the Author of "Venetia's Lovers," &c.

CHAPTER XVI.

"What worlds with you are come and flown!
Musical sounds, say, what are ye?
Whence do ye come—what can ye be
That ye should thus our inmost being move,
Speaking with such strange language all your own?"

"O Freundschaft, Quell erhabner Triebe!
Dir folgen ist der Menschheit Pflicht:
Du hast die Reizungen der Liebe,
Und ihre Schmerzen hast du nicht."

HUGH rose next morning, if not in a "howling temper," as he would have expressed his own condition as displayed by another, at least in a distinctly displeased frame of mind. Indeed, to secure unbroken repose in a German bed is a matter of long practice and much outlay of patience: the mountainous pillow that raises your head at an acute angle; the scanty proportions of the couch; the huge downy bag that is so poor a substitute for the happing warmth of English blankets; all these are afflicting novelties to which you must accommodate yourself as best you can.

Young Jardine spent his night, made hideous with dreams of disaster, in wrestling with his *plumeaux*: in punching his pillow and making desperate efforts to rescue his sliding coverlet; in resenting the fate that had brought him to Germany. His mood was not much lightened when after his solitary breakfast he took his way to the Engelsgasse. By what irony of circumstance had the narrow street come to bear its angel name? an angel of darkness and gloom, truly.

As he neared Herr Ehlers' shop, a sound of many-voiced instruments came out to meet him. Scraps of airs, concertos, operas, symphonies; a piano contributed to the chorus from the top flat; lower down a rush of staccato notes sounded from a violin; a man's deep voice chimed in. Over the way, watering the ivy in her window, a girl in morning wrapper and with hair done up in curl-papers, peeped from behind the trellis at the stranger—the same girl who the night before had charmed the golden youth of Pöppelsdorf by the sprightliness of her acting.

Hugh stepped into the shop rather grim of mood, though his ill-humour was crushed by a sudden whimsical wonder as to what Mrs Lennox would say to it all. Mrs Lennox, with her worship of precedent, propriety, old established custom, Edinburgh tradition! Was he indeed right to leave Cis here alone among strangers, in a position that would be considered equivocal in any world but that musical one, which is a revolutionary kingdom with laws of its own? Then he remembered the bracing loneliness in which her life, as well as his own, had been steeped—the solitude that gives the soul room to grow.

Cis was used to large views of duty—views that took no great account of other people's opinion; and besides there was Frau Ehlers, to whose care Herr König had solemnly committed her. Hugh met this good woman at the threshold of her own apartment, and was immediately engulfed in a flood of talk.

"Good morning, mein Herr. Have you had good rest? Was your breakfast comfortable? Are

you rested after the journey?" So the questions went on. The good Frau looked homelier in the searching morning light. She was rather slatternly. It was a fête day; that great German power the *Friseninn*, who reigns in every household big and little, had not yet appeared. The Frau, waiting for the completion of her toilet, wore a greasy dressing-gown, and the cap of the night before hid her tightly knotted hair; but she was all smiles and good-nature, and promises of goodwill, and he felt that Cis would be safe under her care. He arranged, with much vivacious comment from her, for the hire of the piano, and settled various other little details for his cousin's comfort. But when he suggested that there should always be growing flowers at Cis's window, the frugal spirit of her nature rose up in Frau Ehlers' breast. "Flowers! Would they not fade in a day or two—a week at most? What a waste! What an extravagance! An india-rubber plant or some ivy that one could train over the window, such as might be seen in the room where the actress lodged across the street—that would not cost so very much—but blossoming flowers!"

Hugh laughed at her pantomimic horror.

"She always had flowers at home," he said, "and we were all as poor as church mice." It couldn't be such a very frightful piece of extravagance. If he left some money would Frau Ehlers, when she went to the market, buy now and then a pot of something bright and sweet-smelling, and place it in the window?"

Frau Ehlers accepted the trust almost sorrowfully. It was so much good money thrown away; but the English were always known to be extravagant, and no doubt the young man was rich though he called himself poor.

When Hugh went upstairs he found Cis waiting for him with her hat on. As he opened the door a little rush of music seemed to go in with him. She looked up at him with a laugh.

"They have all come home, you see."

The pleadings of a violin quivered on the air.

"Wenn Menschen aus einander gehen,
So sagen sie auf wiedersehen,"

shouted one voice, and another, as if in medley, answered, apparently from an open door near,

"Mein Lieb ist auf der Wanderschaft."

"Do you like this hideous Babel?" he asked, with a cloud on his brow, as he took her hand.

"I feel as if I were in the very heart and inner citadel," she answered, her smile dying out before his frown. "It is the promise in it of something better that I like."

"I don't think there's much promise in that bawling," he retorted, almost with scorn.

"Are you going to seek out that poor girl?" she asked, with discreet change of topic.

The frown darkened on Hugh's brow. The vision of death that had met him one night at home had not left him, but it had faded a little, thrust aside from a first place in his thoughts by other and more absorbing interests. It seemed to him now that he might have found some easier way to purchase tranquillity for the stranger's last hours; the reaction had set in, and the promise made in his hot compassion was bearing its fruit of reluctance, hesitation, doubt.

"Will you go with me, Cis?" he asked abruptly. "She is a woman. You will understand better."

"Of course I will, Hugh." She rose, gravely ready to stand by him. "I can't speak to her."

"Oh, she will understand," he said, relieved by her ready assent. "I left the parcel downstairs. It is for his sister; so König told me. Queer, isn't it, that I, who scarcely knew him, should be the one to take his last messages? Death reduces us to strange passes."

"It makes faith in another easier, I suppose, where there is so much else to accept; and he could trust you, Hugh, he must have felt that."

They were out now in the sharp morning brightness, and he carried the tokens which he had pro-

mised to deliver—old music, tattered and torn, some letters, and little keepsakes from the far country to which the traveller had gone, not to return. These were all that were left for the sisters at home. There was not even the faint aroma of a romance to colour the poor little story—only a sister's tears.

The cousins walked rather silent, down some bye-ways to the edge of the river. It was the way they had gone last night, and as they passed the gardened spaces where the trees had looked so spectral, Cis thought with a sudden ache of Hugh's warning.

If he remembered it too he said nothing. He had a young man's shrinking from the task he had set himself. He felt a great longing to escape it, or if that might not be, to get it over, and he hurried Cis's steps. They crossed the brimming river, rich with winter rains, by the bridge of boats, which swung of a sudden asunder to let a steamer go by. It was the mighty, classic Rhine, but with a new and more beautiful face than that on whose bosom Hugh and she had voyaged through the happy days. She looked at it with a keen, girlish interest, only tempered now and then by the thought that very soon she should have to see it all alone.

Across the river there was but a small village that held itself aloof from the bank and made a margin for fields already faintly green with some crop that responded to the rare mildness of the season. Hugh captured an urchin running home from school and questioned him about the Kleiners—a widow and her daughter, did he know them?

"Ja wohl!" The little lad knew very well. "The widow of the late *Herr Pastor*"—perhaps this scholar had good reason to remember him. He was very willing to conduct the *Herrschäften*. Hugh searched for a coin in his pocket, when the boy pointed out the gate of a cottage hardly better than the others that clustered about it.

"It is a very small house for a clergyman to have lived in," said Cis, while the half-mark passed from Hugh's hand into his young guide's eager possession.

"Oh, a *pastor* hasn't the same standing as a clergyman with us. Socially speaking, he is nowhere—on a level with the butcher, baker, and candlestick-maker."

Cis thought it strange; the boy a member of an orchestra and the father a clergyman, for a clergyman was surely a clergyman anywhere, she thought, as Hugh knocked at the door. No doubt they were poor; yes, very poor, as the little room into which the youngest of maid-servants showed them proved. Life is not so embarrassed with nick-nacks in Germany as it is with us, and perhaps she misinterpreted the bareness a little, but the widow Kleiner and her child were certainly not of the rich of the earth.

They had stood a few minutes in shy silence, looking about them at the ugly little *saal*—all stove and bead-work and Berlin wool atrocities, when the door was pushed open and a young girl came in. She was small and slight, with flaxen plaits and light eyelashes, and she looked very fair in the deep, unrelieved black of her dress. She gazed at them for a moment with a half shy, half searching look in the large, pale blue eyes that reminded Hugh at once of her brother.

He went forward a step and took her hand.

"We are very sorry for you," he said, not stopping to choose his words. As he spoke, two great tears rose in her eyes and brimmed over. Hugh felt infinitely distressed. "Oh, don't, don't," he said, "I am afraid we have startled you. Did Herr König not tell you we should come?"

"I waited for you yesterday and the day before," she said, brushing away the wet drops with her hand in a childish fashion, and her glance, which had met his, wandered away to Cis.

"We only arrived yesterday," said Hugh, and then following the look—"It is my cousin," he explained; "she knows Herr König too."

Cis came forward. Standing by the German

girl she looked very tall and subtly full of life and colour. As Hugh saw them together he thought that Mina Kleiner grew paler, slighter, more insignificant every moment. There was a very tender compassion on Cis's grave face. The girls might be about the same age, but she looked much the elder.

"Yes, I am very sorry too," she said, in her full, clear tones. She spoke in English because she did not feel sure of herself in German, but her face interpreted her meaning for her. "It must be very, very hard to lose an only brother. I don't know, but I can guess what a sudden bareness it must make in one's life. You have a mother, have you not?" She asked the last question in her timid, hesitating German.

"My mother is sick," said Mina, without any change of expression, and Cis, who at times, for all she was mostly a dreamer, had womanly intuitions, felt an uncomfortable certainty that Mina had been examining her dress with a resolve to plagiarise it.

Hugh now brought forward the parcel he had laid a little out of sight.

"Your brother's last words were for you," he said, "and he charged me to give you these myself—with my own hand. I brought everything that he left. He had been thinking of you and your mother much while he was away from you."

She looked up again with a half perplexed, half shy look on her face.

"You played together a great deal perhaps?" Hugh asked, as he saw her fingers close about the roll of music.

Mina glanced down at her small red hands grasping the music sheets, and shook her head.

"I do not care for music," she said; "Heinrich did. I never could play. Heinrich was very good."

"Ask her to come and see me," Cis breathed very low as Hugh looked at her in perplexity.

"Yes," he brightened at once, "of course."

Then he turned to the young girl and explained.

"I am going back to England to-night," he said, "but my cousin remains here to study. And perhaps, though you do not care for music, you will go to see her sometimes? It is a long way from her home, and she will be often lonely."

"Yes, come," said Cis, the more cordially because of her momentary doubt. She put out a kind hand and took the little red one in hers. "Engelgasse 3—you won't forget? You know it perhaps?"

"Yes, I know it," she said, staring at Cis. Then she turned slowly to Hugh.

"You were good to Heinrich," she said, but there were no more tears in her childish, pale blue eyes.

Hugh went away quite touched by this little word of gratitude which seemed to him to express everything. When they got out of the gate that shut in the narrow garden, he glanced back and took off his hat to Mina who was still peeping at them from the door.

"Poor little thing!" he said, "she looks so sweet and gentle, don't you think?"

"Yes," said Cecilia, who was gazing across the river to the towers and spires of the white little town. She was always willing to be convinced against herself, but she could not quite forget the girlish study of her costume which she had surprised. "She seems very placid."

"A gentle little creature. She expresses the music of the viola rather than the violin, as someone says. That is an illustration you ought to appreciate, Cis," he answered gaily, for he was in high spirits now that his mission was accomplished. "A Werther's Charlotte type of little woman, in short: a comfortable, neat, clever little *Hausfrau*."

"I am sure she would cut very nice bread and butter," said conscientious Cis.

"That reminds me that breakfast left a big vacuum to be filled up. Come, Cis, we'll go in search of our bread and butter."

"Frau Ehlers told me they dine at one. Is it nearly that time? I mustn't keep them waiting."

"They won't wait to-day. Why, Cis, it is my last, and you are coming with me." He drew her hand through his arm, and she yielded without a protest.

They crossed the river again—a fresh wind blowing the amber flood into heavy ripples, and sending a bright, pink colour into Cis's cheeks. He drew her shawl closer about her, and she felt with a sudden sinking of heart that she would be very lonely when he was gone.

When they had reached the further side Hugh took her by the walk that borders the river. There are trees planted on it, acacias and mountain-ashes, so that a great part of the year is the gayer for them, and above are the many gardens of the hotels, where the band plays on summer nights, and the towns-people promenade and drink beer at the little table. They walked on till they had passed the last of the hotels where the town breaks off into white wards that crawl distantly far away into the country, with sentinel Lombardy poplars marching beside them.

Just where the town ends there is a great house, almost another hotel, hidden among trees with a private gate to the river, and another that opens on the last verge of the pavement.

"Look, Cis," said Hugh, "come nearer me. Can you see that house up there in the middle of the garden?"

"Yes. Do you know who lives in it?"

"Yes, I found out. I asked the way and came here last night after I left you. There were lights in all the windows, and a sound of fiddles and what not—some great feast going on."

"What made you ask about it?"

"Because I wanted to know where you are to go every day."

"I?"

"This house belongs to Baron von Winterfeld."

She looked at him with startled eyes, into which a sudden dismay was creeping. "And it is his sister I am to read with—" she said with a catch in her breath. "I didn't think it would be so grand."

"I'm glad it's grand as you call it," he laughed. "I wouldn't have you give lessons to any petty little Highness with a twopenny half-penny title, and not even the twopence half-penny to support it. It is bad enough for you to have to teach at all as well as to learn. But from all I can hear, these von Winterfeld's are a well-disposed and liberal sort; more like ourselves in their ways, in fact," he ended with an odd, boyish pride and dignity.

"I don't see much resemblance between this and Battle House," said Cis, a spirit of fun chasing the dismay out of her eyes. "Still less between this and a High Street wynd."

"Of course I meant our gentry," he answered, a little loftily; "but when it comes to that, a Raeburn or a Jardine is as good as a German nobleman any day. Come round here; there is an entrance to the town side, and it may be open."

They turned a corner of the path, and the high wall allowed them to see little; but just as they neared the entrance gates which were shut, a small side door was hastily flung wide and a lady came out. She burst on them both as a sudden vision and a wonder: she was very tall and splendidly formed, and there was a gracious languor in her bearing that softened the majestic cast of her beauty. She was richly dressed in some blending of colour that would have been too gorgeous for any one less rarely made. All this they took in in a single rapid glance. She stood as if she were waiting with a sort of indifferent patience; her deep blue eyes swept slowly past them in their survey up and down the white road. Then suddenly a carriage dashed round the corner; the horses were reined in sharply; there was a bustle of obsequious servants as the lady stepped in with slow grace and was whirled in a twinkling out of sight—leaving nothing but a track of white dust behind.

"What a glorious picture!" said Hugh with

enthusiasm, bravely ignoring the dust. "Did you notice how that green door with the dark shrubbery behind framed her, Cis? It couldn't have been better. She is a most noble-looking woman: I hope she is your pupil."

"I hope not," said Cis, with serious emphasis, "she is much too grand."

"That's just it. She is so grand that it would be a perpetual joy to look at her. It would be a pleasure to teach English to so divine a creature!"

"Perhaps for you," said Cis, beginning to smile. "I could be content with something less than a goddess."

"A goddess, yes;" he would not listen to her. "This is a very different type from the quiet little bread and butter Charlotte. This is one of Heine's tulip-women, or she is like one of those great scarlet anemones, rich and soft, and yet splendid, that flower in Italy—in southern sunshine."

He was still enthusiastic over the strange lady's perfections when he led Cis into one of the hotels they had passed before.

"This is not the way," she checked him.

"Yes it is: we are going to dine together."

"Here?"

"Yes here, why not?"

"Because it is so expensive," said prudent Cis, with a protest in her voice.

"How do you know?" he laughed.

"Oh, I know. All those places where English people go are expensive."

"Hang the expense!" said Hugh gaily; "it is our last hour together. If it was summer we should have eaten outside, or I might have chartered a band for you; but we must be content with a roof over us to-day."

He led her into the big dining-room, gay and bright to meet the wants of English visitors. The waiter who served them recognised their nationality with the acumen of his kind, and addressed them in their own tongue. Hugh gave lavish orders, and Cis drew off her gloves in silence. Her protest had died within her at his last words. She was facing her coming loneliness, and trying to meet it bravely.

"What shall I wish for you?" he said, still laughing as he poured the *Rheinwein* out of the long-necked bottle into her glass. "Shall I drink to your friendship with that beautiful creature?" Then as he caught sight of her wistful eyes and mouth he sobered at once.

"Ah," he said, a shadow crossing his face. "I forgot the music; is there no way to please you except by wishing it prosperity?"

"Wish that your words may not come true—that I may be brave and not fail," she said, looking at him, pleadingly.

Hugh answered the look with one in which there was some feeling she could not define. To wish Cis success, was it not to take failure for his portion?

But he lifted his glass gravely: the strong light brought out the rich ruby colour of the wine; the colour was warm in his face too, and the light in his eyes.

"To St Cecilia, the sweetest singer," he said.

XVII.

SO Hugh had left her, and she was alone with all the new and untried facing her.

A strange mist was before Cis's eyes, and a great heaviness at her heart, as she looked round the room that she was to call home for the future. In her absence the piano had been carried up, and on the table near the light there bloomed a waxen hyacinth, the one bright spot of colour in the bare desert of drab walls and brown floor. These were Hugh's last messages to her, and as she thought of him, her heart flew back with him over the long leagues of river and sea that led homewards. At the other side of the sea

he would step ashore in his own city and hers. She, too, was there again in her thoughts; she walked the streets and saw the red lights spring up here and there in the massive grey dusk. High up in the frowning Old Town, Hugh's window was dark, but lights flashed out responsive from castle and valley below, and still in the sun-setting quarter behind the old West Kirk a peaceful saffron overspread the sky. Towards that serene glow she too went, to quiet country silences, and by still ways to an old house by a mill, and now—

Oh, Cis! always a dreamer! This time it was Frau Ehlers who broke the spell. She bustled in, big and foolish, a little with the air of tumbling to pieces, but full of genial kindness.

"So you are left quite *mutter seelen allein*, my poor young lady," she cried, "and in the dark too! But we shall alter all that—a light makes one cheerful." She drew a match from her pocket and lit the lamp. The cheer begun with the mingled odour of sulphur from the coarse match and oil from the smoky lamp. The air was dry from the heat of the stove—not a good old *Berliner*, but a modern iron abomination; and, to exhaust it still further, Frau Ehlers proceeded to shut the shutters.

"So! now we are comfortable," she said, looking about her with so much complacent good-humour that Cecilia could not forbear a smile. "Do you like your flower?" she proceeded. "It cost a whole mark! Such extravagance! I proposed an india-rubber plant or a myrtle—something that one could see for one's money—but no, the Herr Bruder would have flowers. 'New flowers every week,' he said." She shook her head over the scandalous outlay.

"Not my brother," Cecilia who had followed this speech laboriously, corrected her.

"*Nicht?* Herr Gott! he said he was your brother!" cried Frau Ehlers immediately, much excited.

Cis shook her head. "Perhaps he did not understand. He is my cousin"—she helped herself out with an English word now and then. "But he is like a brother to my sisters and me."

"Are you then betrothed?" asked the Frau, drawing nearer in her eagerness. This would explain everything, though to be sure it was not *mode* for young people, even if betrothed, to run about the world alone, without the Frau mamma in her best gown to play propriety.

"Oh, no," said Cis, drawing herself up a little, and then smiling at the other's perplexity. "In England it is different," she said, taking refuge in broad generalities in her lack of words.

Frau Ehlers stared very hard, but her code of politeness forbade her to ask any more. Not a brother and not a lover. It was all inexplicable, but the English were well known to be eccentric. "A German would be fond indeed, before he gave such gifts as this cousin, who was only a cousin," she said to herself, without intended sarcasm towards her countrymen. But though good manners hindered any more questions on this interesting topic there was still a wide field for curiosity.

She began with those remarks on toilet matters which are sanctioned by universal custom. Cis soon learned to expect at every *Kaffee* she went to, to be asked when and where she had bought her gown, and how much it had cost, and who had made it. She wore a plain brown tweed, manufactured by Liddy's clever fingers; it was almost severely simple, but it fitted her slight figure well. Frau Ehlers felt the stuff between her fingers and thumb. She went into raptures over its fineness and softness; it was "*echt Englisch*," but when she inquired the price per yard her delight was changed into horror. She went through quite a little pantomime expressive of her changing feelings before she descended to the contemplation of Cis's boots and wondered at their solidity. By the time she had travelled upwards again to her head, and had remembered her special *Frisensinn* whom she recommended with warmth, pointing out her own elaborate puff plaits and curls by way of illustra-

tion—had discussed this excellent one's history from her birth onwards—had found out how many sisters, uncles, aunts, Cis possessed—it drew towards the hour sacred to coffee-drinking.

Cis was not very sorry to leave the close, airless room that seemed to buzz and echo with this flow of talk, and to follow the ample, careless figure downstairs. Frau Ehlers was crying out that they had had a most comfortable talk, and that she would come often and cheer the *Fräulein's* loneliness. She corrected all Cis's blunders, and supplied a lacking word with the easiest good nature. Doubtless it was an excellent lesson in German, but Cis was very tired and sad, and downstairs, over the coffee, it would be Herr Ehlers' turn to take up the unending theme.

On the first landing below her apartments a door stood a little ajar, and from it there came a sound of voices in lively dispute, with the twang of strings now and then crossing it, as if someone was absently setting his argument to music.

Frau Ehlers turned to Cis.

"They have come back from the Restaurant," she said, "and now they will be ringing for coffee, and all impatience till it comes. It is the way of young men." Then struck by some wistful look on Cis's face, she said—

"You would like to be introduced to them, *mein Fräulein*? Also! are you not all *musikers*? Nun, they will play for you by the hour, if that is what you like."

She knocked at the door without waiting other response than that Cis's brightening face gave her. At a reply from within she opened it wide and stood in the gap, and Cis, half hidden behind her ample breadth, knew that a little speech was being made. She caught a stray word here and there—"a young English lady come to study singing; she had hired the rooms that Franz Huber had had,"—here the voluble voice was lowered, and much that followed was lost to the listener. Then out of the babble of speech there rose very clear and emphatic the name of August König: it was received with a bass murmur from within, and a scraping back of chairs, as if in preparation, and almost before she realised what it all meant, Frau Ehlers had stepped aside with surprising agility, and Cis stood in full view of three stiff-backed, close-heeled young men, who bowed to her after the ceremonious manner of young Germany.

It was quite a long time before she made out which was Herr Schweder, who occupied the enviable position of first violin in the town's orchestra, and which Herr Meyer, who played the 'cello, and which Herr Richter, who was only a dilettante and critic, holding his fine nose in the air over his neighbours' performances. To her bewildered eyes they all seemed so much alike, with light, tumbling hair and spectacles, and a general air of much beer and tobacco and music pervading them.

Cis bowed with the colour warm in her cheeks, assailed by a sudden shyness, and then Herr Richter, who had not lost his presence of mind as the others had, came forward and placed a chair for her. It was quite a relief when he spoke to her in English, not unwilling, perhaps, to show off this accomplishment before his friends, who stood in bashful silence, staring at the pretty *Engländerin*.

"You speak German, *mein Fräulein*?" asked the envied Richter in his best accent.

"No," said Cis, "that is, very little. I am glad to find someone who knows my language."

"I have lived much in Hamburg," said young Richter, stiffening his neck behind his collar. "Everyone knows English there; we are close to you over there."

"Close to Scotland, my country."

"Ah, I know Scotch too," said young Richter, confidently, and then as if he feared to have his assertion put to the proof he changed the subject abruptly.

"You sing, Miss?"

"Yes; but I have come to Germany to learn to sing better."

"You will be instructed by the Herr Direktor, doubtless?"

"I believe so. I have an introduction to him from Herr König. Do you know him?"

"Everybody knows König," he answered sententiously, enjoying his friends' side glances while they laughed and chattered with Frau Ehlers. "He is an exponent of the modern music. We were discussing Rossini when you came in: what is your opinion of Rossini's music, Miss Raeburn? What is your attitude towards him in England?"

"I don't know," Cis confessed, feeling that this question opened an alarmingly wide field, "I know so little. I have come here to learn everything," she said with a charming smile.

"I hold Rossini to be unworthy of the attention of a serious person," said her questioner with great gravity, as if he had but asked her opinion to make a way for his own. "He is vain, he is unconscientious, he is light; he appeals to the senses and emotions, and not to the intellect. Meyer does not agree with me,"—he shot a glance of superiority at young Meyer, standing by smiling—"he says Rossini is melodious."

"And I say so again!" cried young Meyer, sturdily.

"Bacchantic melody," growled Richter.

Then Cis, fearing to be led into deeps where she might lose her footing, asked timidly if the gentlemen would play something.

"They will, if I ask them," said Richter the critic, stalking with authority in his step to the piano round which the others were grouped. There was much bandying of words in rapid German and laughter and little hits good-naturedly thrust, as she would guess, at the dilettante Richter. Then suddenly the 'cello, who had lively ways and laughing blue eyes behind his spectacles, bounded out of the room and was heard shouting for Adler—his voice waxing louder in impatience; clearer every moment as it sounded through the old house.

Presently Adler came tumbling down in haste and was led in, clamorously greeted, and made to understand that he was wanted at the piano. As he too, executed his bewildered military bow—every German salutes with the back-bone of a soldier,—Cis noticed that he was shabbier in his dress, more shock-headed—even, it almost seemed more bespectacled than his comrades. This great mistress, Music, truly absorbs a man's whole being and leaves him no margin for the practice of small vanities. It is only the Richters—the dilettante young gentlemen who can afford to brush up their stubble of sandy hair, and wear a coat after the Hamburg-English cut.

When they began their music after a little of that tuning of instruments that, in spite of Handel, gives to the true lover a delightful foretaste of the glories to come—they began to play. No more laughter and joking now, each face serious, almost inspired. It was Mendelssohn's D. Minor trio they played; it has a charm of which one never wears, and is good for any time or mood—for any season, any place. To Cecilia, on whose spirit the sadness of parting lay heavily, it came as a heavenly message of consolation. The slow opening movement is full of a great and peaceful content, yet with a subdued and searching plaintiveness running through it,—the pathos that is inwrought with all that is sweet and noble in life.

The three, used to much practice together, and each an artist in his way, played as if one soul inspired them: the mellow notes of the 'cello; the quick, shrill answering sweetness of the violin, the master hand on the keys made one song together. Cis held her breath, she was comforted, content; when the beautiful, grave melody melted suddenly into the gay rapture of the scherzo she looked about her. Frau Ehlers was knitting mechanically, though her chin was buried in her ample bosom. The room was hot—hot as an oven, we say, with some truth in the Fatherland. It was also very bare and untidy, with an announcement of bachelor possession in its every detail. The first violin was

possessed of every appliance for smoking, drinking and making music, but beyond these his luxuries were limited. There was a precious Stradivarius, the pride and joy of its master's heart; a peg held a limp and shabby Schlafröck, and a little student cap; one or two bright pictures, chiefly of famous actresses and singers, much simpering and greatly out of drawing, were pinned against the dull, self-coloured wall opposite the Cremona; it was a lasting wonder to Cecilia, then as afterwards, how a people, so sensitive to music, so rarely receptive if it could show itself so blind and dull in appreciation of the great sister art. The vulgar daubs against the hueless wall, the perverted taste of the nicknacks worked for the smoker by his women-kind in beads and wools—the window spaces where no flowers bloomed—and yet this music—the melodious flow of the opening movement—the flying scherzo, the gay notes tossed out with airy, impish glee, and now the grand, magnificent and solemn conclusion, great, harmonious, to which her heart beat responsive—a music that made life noble and large, and came to her as a call to be brave!

Not, happily for her, till it was all over did she perceive Herr Richter standing with folded arms and elevated chin under the broadly-smiling picture of a famous star. Herr Richter, critic from Hamburg, was not smiling—his attitude at most, bespoke tolerance—a lofty willingness to abstain from slaying the music with an epigram.

"Mendelssohn is a little out of date with us," he said, joining Cecilia, "but I hear you still adore him in England."

Cis looked at him with wide-eyed surprise, and then she laughed—a happy girlish laugh.

"With us he never grows old, never changes," she said, "he is immortal and for all time." Her laugh brought the young 'cello player to her side; his bright eyes seemed to dance with fun in sympathy.

"Thank you," said Cis shyly, feeling herself drawn to this boy with the bright face, "thank you for a great pleasure."

He made her one of his formal bows, but his laughter bubbled over as he turned to Richter.

"It was no pleasure to you, *mein Lieber*," he said, laying his hand on the fastidious listener's shoulder. "You have been telling the *gnädiges Fräulein* she ought not to admire Mendelssohn, *nicht?*"

"You know my opinions," said Richter rather loftily, "and I can express them without your aid to Miss Raeburn."

"But whom do you admire?" asked Cis, amused yet curious. "Rubinstein, Liszt, Wagner?"

"These don't satisfy him," said the young violin-cellist striking in gaily, "they also are a little out of date." It is a music of a perpetual future—always yet to come—that is his ideal. He has it all here—this glorious coming music," he tapped his forehead with his bow,—and he will not share it with us poor *musikers*—his voice became quite pathetic—"he tantalizes us with an ideal which he will not help us to reach."

Cis laughed, understanding a little and guessing much from the whimsical, bright, boyish face, but the critic, with the high, unattainable standard, stalked away in disdain of all this frivolity.

It was young Hans Meyer whom nobody could resist, who coaxed Frau Ehlers to let them all have coffee together, as a little way of marking Miss Raeburn's admission to the *Gesellschaft*.

"It will save Jette a whole flight of stairs," he said, "and the coffee will run less chance of getting spilled." Young Meyer occupied the garret, and it was the custom of the young men, who were generally busy with some study, to have their coffee sent up to them on the afternoons when they were at home. Frau Ehlers was not capable of maintaining an unyielding front—least of all to this coaxing boy. "And *mein Mann!*" she said with a final faint objection as she was leaving the room.

"Bring him with!" cried Hans, "the more the merrier—you say that in England, do go out, *mein Fräulein?*"

But Herr Ehlers was busy in the dark shop below with a stranger who was looking at the queer old engravings, bits of china and bric-a-brac with the eye of a purchaser, and Frau Ehlers came back presently without her husband, but with Jette in train. Jette loaded with coffee-cups and a big round *Kuchen* on a china stand.

"It is an Englishman," Frau Ehlers said in an impressive whisper to her little audience, "and I wouldn't disturb my husband for the world—for the English spend a great deal of money." She looked at Cis with an air of respect for the wealth of her countrymen, tempered with a wonder at their folly in throwing it so lightly away. "I just whispered to him, *Mein Bester*, you must take your coffee alone, for the young men are set on having the *Fräulein* with them, and they are giving her quite a little concert. And the cake is of yesterday's baking," she added irrelevantly, contemplating the iced wonder. "It was for Sunday's coffee, but then—is not this a *Fest-tag?*"

"It will be so if Miss will sing to us," said Richter coming out of his corner and rising once more to the occasion. Cis shrank back, and excused herself a little tremulously. All at once she remembered that she was tired and sad, and how could she sing to this young man who cared for nobody's music but his own?

"Another time, she murmured, "when I know more."

"It is our privilege to play to the *Fräulein* to-night," said Hans Meyer coming to the rescue, with his finer perception of her feelings. "After coffee we will play whatever she honours us by asking; Mendelssohn or another—whatever she wills."

Richter, who constituted himself master of ceremonies, had helped her to coffee and cake, while the other *musikers* would probably have been quite pleased that she should hand the cups to them, being used to this sort of homage from their own sisters and mothers, but young Meyer who sat at her feet with his bow across his knees knew with instinctive courtesy—the courtesy of a good heart—just what to say and what to refrain from saying. They were both very simple souls and understood each other without even a common language between them.

And when the coffee drinking was over and the festive cake had been consumed, what a serenade they gave her! From Bach to Wagner down the whole royal dynasty of composers—the music kings who have made the beauty of the world. Sometimes the violin rose alone as in Bach's 'Chaconne,' or the 'cello spoke in a gavotte from one of the 'Suites'—sometimes piano and strings took up the theme together. A spirit of devotion for their art seemed to inspire the instrumentalists as they thrummed and played and were gay and triumphant, or sad, or brooding, or majestic, as it pleased them.

"Na, they will play so for hours!" cried Frau Ehlers, keeping time with her good-natured head as the knitting needles flashed in her fingers, "but I do not always waste my afternoon like this."

"Oh, not wasted," said Cis. She was for the first time listening to a composition by Brahms, whose name was as yet unknown in Scotland, though Germany long ago called him "the Messiah of Music."

"I never knew the world was so rich before," she said. Frau Ehlers shrugged his fat shoulders. "For one, I never listen," she said with her good-natured laugh. "I have more to do, indeed!"

The assertion was hardly needed, for would not the sky itself fall in if the *Hausfrau* neglected those mysterious gastronomic rites that are celebrated in a German kitchen?

To let the dripping or the goose-grease be wasted that one might listen to a symphony or a

fugue—*Ei, Bewahre!*—Herr Richter too, looked as if he never listened save to the unattainable, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Spohr, Schubert—they all had had their day of worship, and now it was Wagner. Well, he too, should have his day—and then? When Cecilia thought of this critic at all, she thought him very odd and unsympathetic. Her own heart was thrilled and yet calmed. The music eased, consoled, rested her unspeakably. It was almost as if she was lifted to another existence, high above all mortal bounds, far from all earthly troubles where the passions died and only pure and ennobling emotions had life.

But when the music makers all burst out together, and she recognised the "Schottische Lieder," which the immortal Beethoven chose as his theme—the dear, familiar ballads of home, she came fluttering down to the old world once more—to the old life across the seas, and her eyes filled and her heart ached with a sudden pang! But it was not all pain. She was sad and glad, homesick and happy, faint-hearted and yet brave in a strange mingling of feeling.

XVIII.
I was young Hans Meyer of the laughing, spectacled blue eyes who suddenly remembered that it was the night for *Probe*.

"It's a good thing you have one memory among you," said Frau Ehlers, slowly rolling up her stocking and sticking the needles into a little tuft of straw at her waist, "otherwise you might go fiddling on till the *Fraulein* and I fainted from hunger, and then found out that it was to-morrow's dinner-hour."

They all laughed; for this enchanting siren music does beguile away the hours and none of the *musikers* possessed the virtue of punctuality.

Adler rose up from the piano with a yawn and looked at his watch. He had an engagement at the other end of the town, due in five minutes, but what was five minutes? If he went too soon his pupil would not have returned from her promenade, a quarter of an hour here or there, what did it matter? None of them seemed to be in any haste, though *Herr Concertmeister* Schroeder knew that the orchestra was waiting for his leadership at the theatre, and Hans Meyer, who added the gift of song to his other charms could picture the flash in the old *Herr Direktor*'s eyes when they fell on the truant chorus singer.

He joined Cis where she sat under the old Cremona, as if she were indeed a St. Cecilia with her symbol above her, and asked her if she would like to go to the *Probe*.

"I'm afraid I don't know what it is," she said, answering his smile, for the eagerness and vitality of his temperament expressed itself in his rapid utterance.

"A *Probe*, what is that you call it?" he searched his memory vainly for the translation, and they both laughed at his failure. "We will make the critic of some use," he said, and he rose and uncrossed his arms to the dignified Richter.

"Look here, *mein Braver*, he said, "your light need no longer be hidden beneath a bushel. Come and explain to the *Gnädiges Fraulein* all about the *Gesangverein*."

Richter, who had shown symptoms of resistance at the rough attack, and held his thin nose higher than usual, relented at these words. Miss Raeburn was a very pretty young lady, and his gift of tongues gave him an advantage he was not slow to use before those mocking *Künstlers* who laughed at his larger knowledge and culture.

He went and placed himself in a chair before Cecilia and looked at her calmly.

"The *Verein* is what you call a singing club—a choral union," he explained, as if he were reading her a lecture, "which meets twice a week for practice in the concert hall."

"And what then, is a *Probe*?" asked Cis, appreciating the business-like nature of the explanation.

"*Proben* are what you call trials." "Rehearsals?" she ventured. Richter bowed with dignity. "Rehearsals if you prefer it," he said stiffly. "The object of the singing-club is to give concerts; so many every year, and necessarily for these one must practise."

"And can one go and listen?" she asked, her interest growing.

"You have a letter to the *Herr Direktor*, have you not?" "Yes," said Cis, "Herr König gave it me. He said that perhaps Herr Berg might give me lessons in singing."

"He does not take many pupils," said Richter, as if he would nip her too presumptuous hopes in the bud, "but doubtless if your voice pleases him he will admit you to the *Verein*, and you can then practise choral singing."

Meanwhile you can go as dilettante—as amateur. I who am of Hamburg, and am only here in passing, go as dilettante myself."

"And as critic, you forget, *mein Lieber*," struck in Meyer. The spirit of fun dancing in his eyes. "I belong to a *Verein* in Hamburg," Richter continued calmly, ignoring this interlude, and continuing to instruct Cecilia.

"So you too, sing?" she asked with some surprise, and then she blushed at the awkwardness of her remark. "Of course you do," she said, "else why should you be a member of a choral union?"

"One does not necessarily go to sing," Richter began evasively, but Hans Meyer rushed in with laughter.

"One may go, for instance, to remark how very badly other people sing, and how much better one might do it oneself if one chose. I am afraid that is what you will think to-night, *mein Fraulein*, but you will come, will you not? The *Herr Direktor* will receive you very kindly."

"I did not think he overwhelmed you with his kindness," said Richter, very willing to snub his friend.

"But then, I'm always late!" cried Hans with a smiling shrug, "and I am not a young lady with a recommendation from August König."

"Will his introduction admit me?" asked Cis.

"Certainly; it will do much more than that."

"I should like to go. Is it time?" she rose.

"I am afraid it is," said Hans, frankly; "the *Herr Direktor*'s patience may yet endure for five minutes without a tempest."

"Oh, I will be very quick," she said, leaving the room.

She was dreading of all things the sadness that she had put by in her heart, but that was waiting she knew to overwhelm her in the loneliness of her unfamiliar room. When she ran upstairs to dress the sight of her unopened trunks brought back with strange vividness the crowding sensations of the past days. But a week since she had left home, and all the dear faces had faded and vanished—hardly more than an hour or two since Hugh too, had gone from her, and yet how full and ripe with experience, how charged with emotion the new life seemed already!

She hastily put on the brown felt hat she had travelled in, and drew a dull, reddish Cashmere shawl—a gift from Aunt Lennox—round her shoulders. And now she was going to see the great *Herr Direktor*—the king of the Poppelsdorf music world on whose verdict her fate hung. Cis's appreciation of her own merits was very modest; she was always willing to think humbly of herself. She could never occupy the critic's chair like young Richter from Hamburg. If she failed to please this great authority whom she was now to see, it would be because she gave him less than her best. But she could not hide from herself that she had a gift. She accepted the knowledge reverently, giving it silent admission to her heart. But for the strength of this conviction how often the inner impulse towards struggle and achievement would falter and fail.

As she slipped Herr König's letter to the *Direktor* into her pocket before leaving the room, she experienced a momentary wonder at the wide circle over which August König's influence seemed to extend. He knew everybody and everybody knew him; everyone, that is, in the Republic of music, that little world within the world where a common love makes closest kinship. She questioned herself, with a passing wistfulness, whether they had held him in sufficient honour at home. His greatness she might compass, but his goodness to her she might never know—might never even guess, perhaps, how untiring it had been.

She ran downstairs before her thoughts had time to overlap the forbidden bounds; from Herr König to the west room it was such a little step; but Sue and Liddy and the dear old home to which Hugh was flying to-night—another time, when she was braver.

In her absence Hans Meyer had persuaded Frau Ehlers—no very difficult task—to put on her bonnet and go with them. She was waiting for them at the foot of the dark, wide stair, holding a little twinkling lamp. Herr Ehlers had already departed to his own particular *Verein*, to play cards or smoke, or what not—every male German belongs to a *Verein* of some description—and Jette claimed the immemorial right of her class to spend her evening as she chose.

Thus, when the *Hausfrau* turned the key in the lock of the shop door, there was no one left in the gaunt old house, fallen quite silent after all the music. The clavier was speeding to his pupils; the violin, with flying skirts, had already turned the corner that led to the theatre, and there remained but the little group hurrying to the rehearsal of the Choral Union. They walked too quickly for much speech; Frau Ehlers being stout, was too breathless to be voluble, and Herr Richter had a little the air of a martyr going to be burned for his opinions.

As they neared the town-hall, a great burst of song came out to meet them, and young Meyer cast a guilty, whimsical look at Cecilia as he rushed round to the little door at which the performers were admitted, leaving his companions to join the audience. They entered a long, lofty hall, with a low orchestra crossing it at one end, on which the desks of the instrumentalists bristled thick, and round and round in circling rows sopranos, altos, basses—the great chorus, with the terrible *Herr Direktor* in the centre, grim and firm, leading, gesticulating, scolding thunderously.

At first it was all a confused, bewildering jumble, but in days to come Cis was to know every corner of the brown, dark old hall by heart—each frescoed saint dim and fading on the wall, as the artist's memory had faded long ago, was to rise up in after times as the face of a familiar friend. She sat down with Frau Ehlers and the gloomy Richter on a red velvet couch, reserved for the select on concert nights; a boy stepped towards them on tiptoe, silence writ large on him, and handed to each a sheet of score.

It was Handel's "Belshazzar" the *Verein* had met to practice; she caught a bright glance from young Meyer, who had stolen guiltily to his place among the singers, and his look seemed to say, "I kept this for a surprise, for Handel is yours as well as ours." Handel, indeed, is perhaps the only German maestro whom the common people of his adopted land have truly taken to their hearts. Bach, his great twin in the century, is for the few, but Handel's "Messiah"—who does not know that divine music?

Cis had never heard this fine oratorio that the choir was now thundering. "Sing, O ye Heavens, for the Lord hath done it," came rolling out with massive grandeur, filling the wide, lofty hall with a wave of noble sound. The voices joined in in marvellous precision; the points were taken with a neatness and accuracy that would have made joy in the heart of an English conductor. The habitual discipline to which the German is subjected, tells for good in his music as in all else. There is something of soldierly promptness in the way he

sets his simple, honest soul to do his best in that which is required of him at the moment, whether singing or fighting, with no thought of what is yet to be demanded.

Still the *Herr Direktor*, keen of ear, critical, cultured, with a standard almost as unattainable as that visionary one of the young Hamburger, was not satisfied, and every man and woman in chorus and orchestra knew it, and knew, too, what was therefore to come. It might have been the great George Frederick Handel himself, Cis thought, as she looked at the *Herr Direktor* with a little trembling of heart on her own account. A big, portly man this too, with the massive, double-chinned face familiar to all hauntings of Poets' Corner, where the harpsichordist of Queen Anne's reign and the adopted son of England lies among her illustrious dead. The very frown seemed reproduced in the modern conductor of the old German's great oratorio, and so, too, as Cis was to learn, was the mouth, that could melt from its sternness into a rare sweetness and tenderness.

But just now there was no question of smiling, but only of rage and wrath on the conductor's face. The trembling mezzo-soprano who took the "Daniel" music, was no valiant young prophet come to judgment, to make interpretations and dissolve doubts, to reprove kings in high places.

"Thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting!" cried the *Direktor* in utmost scorn, parodying the text, "a Daniel with a shrill quaver that would not frighten a mouse! Once more, and be good enough to remember, madam, the great character it is given you to interpret—the terrible message it is yours to deliver."

It might, indeed, have been the irate George Frederick snubbing some fine lady of quality; charming Kitty Hyde, perhaps, who so untiringly ran here and there to hear the famous organist play. The poor Daniel tried once more, and yet once more, to deliver her message, and ended by breaking into sudden, most unpliant tears, and sinking down to hide her head from the many staring, inquisitive eyes that were turned upon her.

To Cis all this was very dreadful, but Frau Ehlers knitted on placidly, whispering to her companion that this unhappy Daniel was only Sophie Berg, the *Direktor's* niece, and that everybody knew she could not sing. If he had not lost the best voices in his choir there would have been no Sophie attempting the recitative. Herr Richter sat upon Cecilia's other side; he had been for the most of the evening profoundly staring at a vanishing Santa Barbara carrying her tower as if it were a baby, but at this sudden *contretemps* a gleam of something like satisfaction shot across his pale face.

"I knew his system of teaching was all wrong, hopelessly wrong," he murmured, "and this poor lady's breakdown only confirms my opinion."

The one blamed the master, the other the pupil. Cis said nothing, but she knew in her heart that she could have been a braver Daniel, and she was sorry for the girl who had failed. The chorus was sorry too, for it felt the weight of the master's wrath the fiercer, perhaps, because that tenderer fibre in him told him he had been harsh. Again and again the singers and players were stopped with an imperious motion, turned back remorselessly—a phrase here, an accent there, must be amended. The hall echoed with beginnings that had no end, with futile fresh attempts. The *Herr Direktor* was hard indeed to please.

Only once did he let the choir go through one number unchecked, in that most graphic and picturesque scene, full of fine and subtle dramatic contrasts, where the monarch presides over the feast to a thousand lords, and in the midst of the unlicensed revels the fingers of a man's hand appear and write strange words upon the wall. The choir strained every nerve, voices and orchestra went well together, and the organ, which replaced the harpsichord of Handel's day, added its deep

thunder. It was as if one great Titanic voice was singing alone; it rose and fell, gay and audacious, as the wine-cup goes round; strangely thrilling and strangely solemn and awe-inspiring, as the weird, inexplicable message shines out upon the plaster of the palace wall.

This crowning effort appeased the anger of the conductor. The practice was not over yet, but there was an end of the storm, and after so many troubled tempests the singers passed into a haven of calm waters. But the Daniel, hiding her shamed head, was mute, was heard no more. There was no one to interpret the vision to the king, to read him, with a sad, plain directness that no amount of tragic ornament could make so solemn, the fate that was to descend on him that very night.

With the final chorus, "I will magnify Thee" still ringing in her ears Cis looked up and knew that the *Probe* was over. There was a rustling of music-sheets, a huddling on of cloaks and shawls, a silent, scared melting and vanishing of the singers. No lingering about the orchestra to-night for gossip; the boldest soul dared hardly venture to speak aloud while the conductor stood at his desk with that thunder-cloud on his brow. Belshazzar departed with a defiant, uplifted chin in silent protest against the indignities he had suffered. Cyrus drew a blue gauze veil over her face, and from behind its shelter shot petulant looks at the imperious *Herr Direktor*, waiting motionless in his place till the last should go. Nitocris and Gobrias, and the gay and insolent lords slunk past that stern figure with a furtive air that had its humorous side for the onlooker. Outside what a babel of loosened tongues there would be, what indignation and revolt, what sighs, and groans, and whispers, and smiles over the disaster that had befallen the unhappy prophet, left all forlorn upon her bench, trying to check the sobs of inward mortification and shame that shook her poor little body, and wrung her feeble soul. Almost while she looked it seemed to Cis that they vanished, and instead of the circling faces, row upon row, that had reminded her of some quaint picture of heaven by an old Italian painter, there remained but two figures, the stern uncle and the weeping niece. In the hall the listeners who were not overawed by the conductor and took his burst of passion, since it did not fall on their heads, lightly enough, were chatting together, of everything but music, no doubt. An eager neighbour held Frau Ehlers enchain'd with the last delicately-spiced morsel of scandal that had passed from lip to lip at a coffee that afternoon. Young Richter, who had the feeling for art that consists in despising it, was sauntering round the hall, examining the frescoes with an air of tolerant pity. Cis had hardly time to realise that she was alone when Hans Meyer came stealing up to her with a face full of mystery and entreaty.

"Did you bring the letter?" he whispered, remembering even in his excitement to speak with slow distinctness.

She drew it with some surprise from her pocket.

"Now is the time to give it," said Hans with low-toned energy. "Come," he held out his hand, "I will take you if you allow."

"Now!" said Cis, shrinking back. "Now, when he is so angry! It will spoil everything; he will not listen to me."

"Yes, yes, he will," said the boy eagerly, "he is always soft, mild, like a child, after one of his fits of passion. Oh, he is ashamed. Come, I beg of you, *mein Fräulein*, before it is too late!"

Cis yielded reluctantly, and let herself be led up to the desk. In another moment the eyes of the conductor fell upon the pair. Young Hans, solemn and eager, though with an impish desire to laugh, and the slight English girl, flushing and shrinking and yet with a certain gentle composure too. It was the moment when she was to know her fate, and she was brave to meet it.

"Hans Meyer," said Herr Berg, "you were again late to-night. Ten minutes late." "I am very sorry," said Hans repentant, and

ready to promise the most virtuous amendment. "I come, *Herr Direktor*, to introduce this English lady to you. She has come here to study, and brings a letter from August König."

Herr Berg's glance passed from the boy and fell searchingly on Cis. He stretched out his hand in silence for the letter. There was still a cloud upon his brow, but it cleared somewhat as he read and re-read the written words slowly. She wondered with a throbbing heart what Herr König had said about her, something friendly, of that she was sure, —had he said that she could sing a little? As she looked up into the plain, heavily-featured face, with its overhanging brow and massive jaw, she felt that it grew less severe.

But Herr Berg folded up the letter deliberately and restored it to the envelope before he spoke, and then he said with a somewhat sarcastic intonation:— "Herr König tells me that you have a voice worth training, *mein gnädiges Fräulein*; but I must judge of that for myself before I consent to teach you. Sing something to me now. Something sola. This Daniel air, for instance," his voice became very grim, "which my niece has rendered so finely tonight. Let me hear what you can make of it."

Cis pushed aside the score he had handed to her with an indignant movement. She looked straight into that rugged, hard face, her own afame and alight with righteous anger.

"I cannot do that," she said, with something of Susan's fire and spirit in her voice. "That would be to wound and humiliate your niece still more. She has suffered enough from you to-night."

She spoke with a hint of the tragic despair of some zealous yet half reluctant young martyr. All her own chances of success seemed to fall and die under her very eyes. Of course the *Herr Direktor* would have nothing more to do with a girl who was so bold as to rebuke him to his face. Already she was shrinking under the cross of her own words—abashed, ashamed, reassured only when she looked at the drooping figure on the bench above her. But lo! instead of annihilating her with his scorn the *Herr Direktor's* heavy sides shook with sudden laughter that was touched with humour.

"So!" he said, "a Daniel come to judgment, truly!" He laid a kind hand on her shoulder, and the face she dared hardly look at now, so shamed was she, was full of a rare sweetness and benevolence that made the plain features almost beautiful.

"Quite right, my young lady, quite right," he said, "always be brave; I will come to hear you sing to-morrow. You live with Frau Ehlers in the Engelgasse? Gut, I will come."

He dismissed them with a farewell waive of his hand, and Hans Meyer led Cis away as one who walks in a dream. He trod with the step of a young conqueror, gay, elated, successful, and as they walked in silent happiness down the long hall they heard the conductor say in a gruff, kind voice. "Come, Sophie. *Dummes Kind*, it is time for us to go home."

Hans found an outlet for his joy in a little caper on the street. "It was superb! Colossal! Herrlich!" he said.

"That Sophie Berg has too much feeling to be a singer," said Frau Ehlers, wrenching her mind with difficulty from the gossip she had been hearing.

"Allow me to congratulate you," said Hans, in sudden gravity pausing before Cis with an outstretched hand. "It's a great thing to be the friend of August König."

"Can he do everything?" said Cis, yielding her hand and smiling amusedly.

"Everything," answered the young musician, fervently.

"Everything but invent something new," said Richter, with calm melancholy.

"Come, *mein Lieber*," said Hans, passing his arm through the critic's, "your music can wait for its future, but for the present we must eat."

The two went off to an eating-house—to their beer and sausage and ham, and Frau Ehlers, re-

minded of the impatience of the male appetite, hastened her walk. She talked much even while going quickly. Perhaps it was a first sketch of that gossip she was keeping in full for her tomorrow's coffee-party, but Cis understood little and listened less.

The night was dark and starlight above her head, and the long, long day had ending at last.

[To be continued.]

Porpora and his Pupils.

YES, yes, young ladies, toss your heads as you please, the wisest and best among you is—but I will not say who; for she is the only one of my class who has any modesty, and I fear lest by naming her I might make her immediately lose that rare virtue which I wish you all ——”

“*In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritu Sancto,*” chanted Costanza, with an air of effrontery.

“Amen,” sang in chorus all the other little girls.

“Naughty man,” said Clorinda, pouting out her pretty lips, and tapping lightly with the handle of her fan the bony and wrinkled fingers of the singing master, which rested stretched out upon the mute keys of the organ.

“It's of no use,” said the old professor, with the sang froid of a man who during forty years had borne for six hours a day the brunt of all the cajoleries and perverseness of many generations of girls. “It is not less true,” added he, putting his spectacles into the case, and his snuff-box into his pocket, without raising his eyes upon the bantering and scoffing swarm, “that this wise, this docile, this studious, this attentive, this good child is—not you, Miss Clorinda; nor you, Miss Costanza; neither is it you, Miss Zulietta; and Rosina has no claim to those titles; and Michelis still less——”

“Then you mean me;” “No, it is I;” “Not at all, he means me”—“Me”—“Me”—cry out, with their flute-like and ear-piercing voices, a crowd of fifty blondes or brunettes, precipitating themselves like a flock of screaming sea-gulls upon a poor shell-fish left dry on the strand by the ebbing of the tide.

The shell-fish—that is, the maestro (and I maintain that no metaphor could apply better to his angular movements, to his fishy eyes, his cheeks speckled with red, and, above all, to the thousand little white, stiff, and pointed curls of his professional wig)—the maestro, I say, forced to fall back upon the bench three times after having risen to depart, calm and impassive as a shell-fish rocked and hardened by numberless tempests, made them beg a long while before he would say which of his scholars deserved the praises of which he was generally so miserly, but had just now shown himself so prodigal. At last, yielding as if with regret to entreaties which his own malice had provoked, he took the professor's baton, with which he usually beat time, and used it to separate and range in two lines his undisciplined troop. Then, advancing with a solemn face between this double row of frivolous heads, he placed himself at the bottom of the organ gallery, in front of a little girl seated upon one of the steps. She, with her elbows on her knees, her fingers in her ears, that her attention might not be distracted by the noise, studied in a low voice in order to disturb no one, bent and folded upon herself like a little monkey; he, solemn and triumphant, with leg advanced and arm outstretched, seemed like the shepherd Paris awarding the apple, not to the most beautiful but to the most wise.

“*Consuelo? the Spaniard?*” cried out with one voice the young choristers, at first struck with surprise. Then a shout of universal Homeric laughter

raised a flush of indignation and anger upon the majestic brow of the professor.

The little Consuelo, whose stopped-up ears had heard nothing of all this dialogue, and whose eyes wandered vacantly without seeing, so much was she absorbed by her work, was for some instants insensible to all this clamour. At last, perceiving the attention of which she was the object, she let her hands fall from her ears upon her knees, and the sheet of music from her lap upon the floor. Thus she remained, petrified with astonishment, not confused, but a little frightened, and ended by getting up to see if some curious object or some ridiculous person behind her were not, instead of herself, the cause of such noisy gaiety.

“*Consuelo*,” said the maestro, taking her by the hand, without further explanation, “come, my good girl, and sing for me the *Salve Regina* of Pergolese, which you have been studying a fortnight, and Clorinda for a year.”

Consuelo, without answering, without testifying either fear or pride or embarrassment, followed the singing-master to the organ, where re-seating himself with an air of triumph, he played the accompaniment for his young scholar. Then Consuelo, with simplicity and ease, raised purely, beneath the high vaulted arches of the cathedral, the tones of the most beautiful voice that had ever made them resound. She sang the *Salve Regina* without a single fault of memory, without hazarding a sound which was not completely just, full, sustained, or intentionally broken; and following with an entirely passive exactness the instructions which the learned master had given her, rendering with her powerful capabilities the intelligent and just intentions of the good man, she, with the inexperience and carelessness of a child, did what science, practice, and enthusiasm would not have enabled an accomplished singer to have done—she sang with perfection.

“It is well, my daughter,” said the old master, always sparing of his praises; “you have studied with attention, and you have sung with conscience. The next time you will repeat to me that cantata of Scarlatti which I have taught you.”

“Si, Signor Professore,” answered Consuelo; “may I go now?”

“Yes, my child. Young ladies, the lesson is finished.”

Consuelo placed in a little basket her sheets of music, and disappeared behind the pipes of the organ. The professor returned his spectacles to the great pocket of his vest, and addressing his silent scholars: “Shame to you! my fine young ladies,” said he. “That little girl, the youngest among you, the latest comer in my class, is the only one who can sing a solo properly; and in the choruses, whatever follies you may be committing about her, I find her always as firm and true as a note of the harpsichord. The reason is that she has zeal, she has patience, and moreover, what none of you have, and never will have, as many as you are, she has conscience.”

“Ah, there's his great word discharged!” cried Costanza, as soon as he had gone. He had said it only thirty-nine times in the course of the lesson, and would have fallen ill had he not reached the fortieth.

“Great wonder that this Consuelo does make progress!” said Zulietta. “She is so poor! She thinks only of learning something by which she can earn her bread.”

“They say her mother was a Bohemian,” added Michelina, “and that the little one has sung in the streets and on the roads before coming here. It is not to be denied that she has a beautiful voice; but she has not a shadow of intelligence, poor child! She learns by heart; she follows with servility the teachings of the professor, and then her good lungs do all the rest.”

“If she had the best lungs in the world, and the grandest intelligence to boot,” said the beautiful Clorinda, “I wouldn't dispute those advantages with her, if I had to change my face for hers.”

“You wouldn't lose much by the exchange, nevertheless,” retorted Costanza, who did not take much pains to recognise the beauty of Clorinda.

“She is not handsome, either,” said another. “She is as yellow as a paschal taper, and her great eyes have no expression; besides, she is always so badly dressed. Decidedly she is ugly.”

“Poor girl! that is all very unfortunate for her—no money and no beauty!”

Thus ended the panegyric of Consuelo, and thus did they, by pitying her, console themselves for having admired her while she sang.

AT this epoch of his life—almost unknown to biographers—one of the best composers of Italy, and the greatest professor of vocal music of the eighteenth century, the pupil of Scarlatti, the master of Hasse, of Farinelli, of Cafariello, of Mingotti, of Salimbini, of Hubert (surname Porporino), of Gabrielli, of Molteni, in a word, the father of the most celebrated school of singing in his time, Nicolas Porpora, languished obscurely in Venice, in a condition bordering on destitution and despair. He had, nevertheless, formerly directed, in that same city, the Conservatoire of *l'Ospedaleto*, and that period of his life had been brilliant. He had there written and brought forward his best operas, his most beautiful cantatas, and his principal works in church music. Called to Vienna in 1728, he had there secured, after some contests, the favour of the Emperor Charles VI. Befriended likewise by the Court of Saxony (he there gave lessons in singing and composition to the electoral princess of Saxony, who became afterwards in France the *Grand Dauphine*, mother of Louis XVI., of Louis XVIII., and of Charles X.), Porpora had afterwards been invited to London, where he had the glory of maintaining for nine or ten years a rivalry with Handel, the master of masters, whose star paled at that period. But the genius of Handel at last prevailed, and Porpora, wounded in pride as well as injured in purse, had returned to Venice, to resume without *éclat*, but not without suffering, the direction of another Conservatoire. He still wrote operas, but could not get them represented without much difficulty; and the last, though composed at Venice, had been played at London, where it did not succeed. His genius had received deep wounds from which fortune and glory might have restored it; but the ingratitude of Hasse, of Farinelli, and of Cafariello, who abandoned him more and more, finished the work of breaking his heart, embittering his character, and poisoning his old age. It is known that he died at Naples in misery and degradation.

At the time when Count Yustiniani, foreseeing and almost desiring the departure of Corilli, wished to find a successor for that cantatrice, Porpora was the victim of a violent attack of splenetic humour, and his vexation was not always without foundation; for if they did love to sing at Venice the music of Jomelli, of Lotti, of Carissimi, of Gasparini, and of other excellent masters, they also received without discernment the buffo music of Cocchi, of Buini, of Salvator Apollini, and of other composers more or less indigenous, whose common and easy style flattered the taste of mediocre spirits. The operas of Hasse could no longer please his justly irritated master. The respectable and unhappy Porpora, closing his heart and ear to the music of the moderns, sought, therefore, to crush them under the glory and authority of the ancients. He extended his too severe reprobation even to the graceful compositions of Galuppi, and to the original fantasias of Chiozzato, the popular composer of Venice. In fine, no one could speak to him except of Martini the elder, of Durante, of Monte Verde, of Palestro; I do not know if even Marcelllo and Leo found grace before him. It was, therefore, coldly and sadly that he received the first overtures of Count Yustiniani respecting his unknown pupil, the poor Consuelo, for whom

nevertheless, he desired both happiness and glory; for he was too experienced in his professorship not to know all her worth and all her merit. But at the idea of seeing profaned this talent so pure and so strongly nourished with the sacred manna of the old masters, he hung down his head with a disheartened air, and replied to the Count:—"Take her, then, that soul without stain, that intelligence without spot; throw her to the dogs and deliver her to wild beasts, since such is the destiny of genius in our days." This sorrow, at once serious and comic, gave the Count an idea of the merit of the pupil, by the value which so rigid a master attached to her. "What, my dear maestro," said he, "is that your opinion? Is Consuelo so extraordinary, so divine a being?" "You shall hear her," said Porpora, with a resigned air; and he repeated, "It is her destiny!"

When the first strains of the orchestra called Consuelo to her place she rose slowly, the mantilla fell back upon her shoulders, and her face appeared at last to the uneasy and impatient spectators of the neighbouring gallery. But what a miraculous transformation had been wrought in that young girl, just now so pallid and depressed, so overcome by fatigue and fear! Her broad forehead seemed to swim in a celestial fluid, a soft languor still bathed the delicate and noble outlines of her generous and serene features. Her calm countenance indicated none of those small passions which seek for and court ordinary success. There was in her something grave, mysterious, and profound, which commanded respect and tenderness.

"Courage, my daughter," said the professor to her in a low voice; "you are going to sing the music of a great master, and that master is here to hear you." "Who—Marcello?" said Consuelo, seeing the professor spread out upon his desk the Psalms of Marcello. "Yes, Marcello," answered the professor. "Sing as you usually do, nothing more, nothing less, and it will be well."

In fact, Marcello, then in the last year of his life, had come to re-visit Venice, his country, whose glory he was, as composer, as writer, and as magistrate. He had been full of courtesy for Porpora, who had requested him to hear his school, and arranged for him the surprise of causing, in the first place, to be sung by Consuelo, who was a perfect mistress of it, his magnificent psalm, *I Cieli Immensi Narrano*. No piece could have been more appropriate to the state of religious exaltation in which the soul of that noble girl was at the moment. As soon as the first words of this grand and free song shone before her eyes, she felt herself transported into another world. Forgetting the Count Yustiniani, the malevolent glances of her rivals, and even Anzoletto, she thought only of God and of Marcello, who placed himself in thought as an interpreter between her and those splendid heavens of which she was about to celebrate the glory. What more beautiful theme, in fact, and what more grand idea?

*I cieli immensi narrano
Del grande Iddio la gloria;
Il firmamento lucido
All'universo annunzia
Quanto sieno mirabile
Della sua destra le opere...*

A divine fire illuminated her cheeks, and the sacred flame darted from her great black eyes, while she filled the vault with that unequalled voice and with those victorious, pure, and truly grand accents, which can proceed only from a great intelligence united to a great heart. After listening to a few sentences, a torrent of delicious tears burst from the eyes of Marcello. The count, unable to conquer his emotion, cried out, "That woman is an angel! It is Saint Cecilia, Saint Theresa, Saint Consuelo! She is poetry, she is music, she is faith personified!" As to Anzoletto, who had risen, and was supported on his trembling legs solely by his hands contracted upon the railing of the gallery, he fell back suffocated upon his seat, ready to faint, and, as it were, drunk with joy and pride.

It required all the respect due to the holy place to prevent the numerous *dilettanti* and the crowd which filled the church from breaking out into fanatical applause, as if they had been at the theatre. The count had not patience enough to wait for the end of the service before going to the organ loft and expressing his enthusiasm to Porpora and Consuelo. And during the chanting of the officiating priests, she was obliged to go to the count's gallery, in order to receive the praises and the thanks of Marcello. She found him still so overcome by emotion that he could hardly speak. "My daughter," said he to her in a broken voice, "receive the thanks and blessings of a dying man. Thou hast in one instant made me forget years of mortal suffering. It seems to me that a miracle has been wrought upon me, and that this incessant, horrible pain has been driven away for ever by the sound of thy voice. If the angels above sing like thee, I hope to quit the earth in order to enjoy an eternity of the delight which thou hast made me know. Be thou blessed, child, and may thy happiness in this world be equal to thy merits. I have heard Faustina, Romanina, Cuzzoni, all the greatest singers of the universe, but they are infinitely inferior to thee. It is reserved to thee to make the world hear what the world has never heard, and to make it feel what no man has ever felt."

Consuelo, overpowered, and, as it were, crushed under this magnificent eulogium, bowed her head, almost bent one knee to the floor, and not able to utter a word, carried to her lips the hand of the illustrious dying man.

GEORGE SAND.



A MUSICAL GROTESQUE FOR CHILDREN
OF ALL GROWTHS.

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CHAPTER II. *Adventures by the Way.*

(Continued from p. 146.)

PIP turned quickly and found behind him a venerable gentleman in the most aesthetic of green dressing gowns, the amplitude of which half revealed and half concealed the meagreness of the frame which supported it. A very thin stick with a very big banner draping it upon a windless day, was the only thing to which Pip could liken him. He had, however, an eminently scientific head—slightly depressed at the top, but running down from the saddle-back, so formed in moderately steep angles of which the nose was the undiverging continuation. Half-way down the slope a pair of spectacles glimmered like the windows in the roof of an old house, and to complete the resemblance his retreating mouth and chin formed two distinct stories in the lower part of his face.

For a moment or two the old man gazed upon Pip in what appeared to be speechless admiration, but at length he drew from his girdle a pair of calipers and launched himself at his victim with the words—"Permit me to examine your bumps." Without waiting for an answer he made a rapid topographical survey of Pip's ample cranium, pouring forth all the while a cataract of conversation. He informed him in German—as the only language of true philosophic unintelligibility—that he was the original discoverer of the fact that a man is not only himself but several other people; that self is the

totality of amalgamated ancestry within the limits of an isolated physique; and that it was possible to discern and artificially differentiate for independent action the component units.

"Would you tell me the story simply that I may take it in?" murmured Pip, about whose eyes the old film began to gather.

"You don't understand me, and with a head like that!" exclaimed the other, looking at him in astonishment,—adding immediately, however,—"Ah, I see, poor fellow! Fine mechanism but no boiler."

"No b-b-b-boiler, sir! What do you mean?" "All cranks and valves and wheels, all head and legs; no body to work them properly."

"Sir!" began Pip with Johnsonian emphasis.

"Tender point, eh? No parts and no magnitude," interrupted the other coolly, while the imps around them chuckled under their mushrooms.

"I would have you to understand," rejoined Pip with dignity, "that I have a highly respectable though somewhat underwitted body somewhere round the corner—a body, sir, which compared with that which I now see before me—if indeed I may say that I see that which is made evident to me rather by the opaqueness of circumambient envelopments than by any patent substantiality of individual bulk—I say, sir, a body which by comparison with that which—subject to my previous qualification—I now see before me is as a torso of Brobdignag to a trunk of Liliput, or as the mast of some high amiral to the pole which sustains the graceful and enlivening hop."

"If you make many more parliamentary utterances of that kind," said his antique auditor, "you will lose your voice and have to go on a yachting expedition to the fjords. But I am willing to explain my meaning further; suppose we begin with Adam and Eve, and work up from the simplest forms of life to the more complex."

"I really could not stop here long enough," said Pip deprecatingly.

"Well, say, Noah and the diluvian eight, or even yourself. For instance, I have examined your head; and I find you to consist of a certain number of your predecessors rolled into one. You have in you the elements of a Wordsworth and of a Hugo, of a Beethoven and of a Wagner; and I have discovered the means by which to localise these in your brain. The section of your brain which I am now touching is the Wordsworthian section. Now the instrument which I have here is an electrical stimulative insulator. I have only to apply it to that section, and instantly the rest of the brain becomes temporarily paralysed, while the whole of your energy goes to the working of the Wordsworthian faculty. In short, for the time being you are a Wordsworth, thinking his thoughts, acting his actions, filled with an infinite yearning for lakes and rustics, and prepared to shed a sonnet at every angle of your morning walk. Let me show you the mode of operation."

He applied the insulator, and Pip felt a gentle numbing influence flow through the larger part of his brain, and a sense of emotion recollected in tranquillity concentrating in the upper portion. The sense of his own identity seemed to grow vague and transform itself into a new consciousness, subject to new impulses and laws. "You have come hither to see me," he said gravely to the operator; "I confess myself gratified by your discernment. Permit me to recite to you a portion of the last great poem which has emanated from my pen. The volume in which it is to be found—Poems of Intellectual Growth—is at present in the press, or I would read you the whole." He began to chant softly and soothingly to himself the following verses:

Young Timothy, a forward lad,
A very backward sister had,
Who could not learn to spell;
But Timothy, who loved his book,
And bat and ball for it forsook—
Like everything he undertook—
Learned rapidly and well.

"Dear sister," he was wont to say,
"Time hurries on, and will not stay;
Its cataclysmal tide :
Believe me that by A and Z
Immortal radiance is shed
Upon the living by the dead,
And many more beside."

But Susan (such his sister's name)
Still turned from books, and, void of shame,
The woods and hillside sought :
The booning bee and beetle there,
The streams and sun gleams made her fair,
And in her secret mountain lair
Profounder lessons taught.

She learned to string the moorhen's egg,
Denude the beetles of their legs,
And fling them in the well ;
She deemed it a surpassing joke
Her sightless grandmamma to choke,
Or little frogs to pinch and pock,—
With more that I could tell.

"I here leave out fifty-three stanzas," said Pip,
with a sigh, "and merely give the climax."

Young Timothy, that forward lad,
Long since, alas ! completely mad,
About the country goes ;
Or, sits beside the cottage hob,
With something like a smothered sob,
For ever murmuring o, b, Ob—
The only thing he knows.

But blooming Susan is the pride
And pet of all the country side ;
For her each peasant pines.
Ah, long may she her fair head toss !
For even I shall feel a loss
When she at length must put her cross
Upon the marriage lines.

"Splendid !" cried the craniologist, clapping his hands ; "unequalled for magnificent metaphysical profundity !"

"Do you think so?" said William Wordsworth Pip ; "ah, listen then to the other fifty-three stanzas !"

But before he could recite them, the operator, making a series of rapid sweeps with the insulator round Pip's head, removed the spell, and Pip became himself again.

"You see," said the former, "the utility of my discovery. Genius is now immortal ; I have but to find out the brains in which it lurks unperceived. If you had the elements of Homer in you I could turn on Homer ; if those of Shakespeare I could turn on Shakespeare. Death can no longer stamp its 'finis' upon their volumes."

He smiled a smile of supreme satisfaction, and remained a little while absorbed in thought ; then starting to his feet he exclaimed, "But this is not all. Suppose we were to combine one or more of these component predecessors we should get new results. Thus, you have, as Wordsworth, composed a remarkable poem ; I impress the words upon your memory, and then I turn off Wordsworth and turn on Wagner. You would at once betake yourself to the construction of a musical drama upon the basis of the Wordsworthian lyric. You would astonish the world with your Timothy motive and your Susan motive. I must really beg of you to come with me to the King of Queensland, who is in despair that his orchestras have no more Wagner music to conquer."

He rose as he spoke and led the way to the under and other world as Virgil led Dante. But they did not set out thither alone, for from nooks and coverts on all sides hosts of elves and gnomes, imps and hobgoblins, came trooping behind them, while in the rear Pip thought he discerned the shadowy columnar form of his own—his long-lost body. At every step the number of his attendants seemed to increase. They swarmed about him of all shapes and of all colours, clustered upon the branches under which he passed, and clambered up the rocks before him to get sight of him. From valley to valley they passed along a winding path which led past swamp and fen and singing streams, until a murmur arose about him threatening to a musical cry before it died away. He looked up and saw far down the valley, into which the moon

shone, the glimmer of a dome of strangely golden light.

"And that is Queensland ?" he murmured half to himself and half to his guide. "Strange that I never found it before !"

"There are few that find it," answered the old man, "and they are mostly children. The small feet come often hither, but there comes a time when they go hence and return no more. Only those of the child's heart and the golden harp find entrance hither everywhere and always."

A sudden turn in the path brought them in full view of the city, which rose on a conical hill in the centre of a large plain, which stretched around its walls like a dark undulant sea. The golden dome rose high in its midst—a perpetual light to it ; and around in ever widening circles the high peaked roofs and pinnacles sloped down to its moated walls.

Accidentals.

A MEMOIR of the late John Hullah by his widow is in the press. Messrs Longman & Co. will be the publishers.

MR VALENTINE SMITH, a new tenor, is engaged by Mr Carl Rosa, and will make his *début* as Manrico in the "Trovatore."

MESSRS NOVELLO & Co.'s new choir, to be conducted by Mr Mackenzie, will hold all rehearsals at the Neumeyer Hall, Hart Street, Bloomsbury.

CARDINAL NEWMAN was able to be present at the performance of "Mors et Vita" at the Birmingham Festival.

MADAME HELEN HOPEKIRK has been giving much time to the composition of songs during her stay at Cape Porpoise, Maine. It is hoped that some of her work will appear shortly.

MRS NEWEL ATKINS, a student of the Royal College of Music, is to be the next prima donna. She will make her *début* in "Lucia." Mlle. Palma is the name under which she elects to play.

MR J. MILLAR CRAIG, Edinburgh, has been appointed conductor of the Glasgow Select Choir, in room of the late Mr James Allan. Mr Craig has won golden opinions in Edinburgh as a cultured musician.

On August 29th, Dr W. Spark recommenced the popular free organ recitals at the Leeds Town Hall. The hall was filled by an audience of some 2000 persons, who received the well-known organist, after his recent illness, with sympathetic enthusiasm. It is pleasant to add that Dr Spark has completely recovered his wonted health and strength.

THE following statement is being quoted as a proof of the decadence of Italian Opera and the foolish star system. Mdme. Patti in 1883-84, was paid in the United States £1080 per night. In 1884-85 she received in America £800 per representation. At Covent Garden this year her fee was £500 nightly, and during her forthcoming engagement at the Grand Opéra, Paris, she will, it is said, receive £480 per night.

A NEW American comic opera, entitled "The Devil's Bond," words by Sidney Reid, and Music by W. Bloomfield Goate, was recently experimentally tried before a private audience, consisting of representatives of managers and musical critics. The scene is laid in New York in the year 1750, and the plot and music are a combination of the dramatic and spectacular. In the second act a chorus of witches is introduced, and in the third and last act the author of evil appears to enforce his bond, but is nonplussed by the lawyer's decision that it is "void because not recorded."

HERE is a piece of Birmingham gossip : One of the Birmingham Festival committee expressed to Herr Richter a hope that he would, some day give them a work of his to perform. The reply was characteristic :—"Never ! A conductor once having taken upon his shoulders the burden of training large orchestras, can never compose, for his compositions would only be the memory of other men's works. When I began to be a conductor I took all my compositions, and made a fire with them, boiled the kettle, and drank a cup of coffee I made on the fire. Never again do I compose one note of music."

* * *

THIS "special notice" is printed on the programme of the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts :—"Mr W. Freeman Thomas, desiring to encourage native music talent, has much pleasure in offering a prize of twenty-five guineas for an 'Original Manuscript Overture,' to be the composition of a native of England, Ireland, Scotland, or Wales, and which will be performed at a special grand concert (when Mr Sims Reeves and other distinguished artists will appear) in Covent Garden Theatre, early in October next. Particulars to be had on application (accompanied by a stamp and addressed envelope) to Mr A. Gwynn Crowe, Theatre Royal, Covent Garden."

* * *

A LONDON correspondent writes: "I have before now alluded to the decline in London of the once passionate taste for comic opera. This decline continues, and with it the erewhile prosperity of a considerable number of persons of both sexes, who profited from the rage for pretty airs and stage bustle. Mr Frank Celli, a well-known operatic baritone, is the latest frightful example of this decay of a once profitable class of public entertainment. He goes out to America on 8th October, taking with him a new drama and an opera. He declares himself disgusted with a country where comic opera has reached so low an ebb."

* * *

SUPPÉ, the composer of Boccaccio and other popular works, is the descendant of a Belgian family which emigrated from Brussels to Cremona, in Italy; he was born sixty-five years ago at Spalato, the capitol of Dalmatia, where his father was a Government official. He still speaks German with a slight Italian accent. Tall and burly, Suppé is of an imposing presence. His eyes and hair are dark, and he wears a heavy black beard, slightly dashed with grey.

* * *

SUPPÉ's song, "Das ist mein Oesterreich," which has attained the rank of a National Hymn throughout the Hapsburg Monarchy, has a remarkable history. "I wrote it," says Suppé, "in a tremendous hurry for a *Singspiel* that was produced at the Wieden Theatre on November 13, 1840. When the local prima donna, Fraulein Rudini, came forward and sang the first verse she was so frantically hissed that she could hardly manage to get through it. It was of course withdrawn, and lapsed into total oblivion for some years, to be revived in due time with a success that, I confess, fairly astounded me." "And you wrote it hastily, you say ?" "Just as hurriedly as I wrote the third acts of Boccaccio and Fatinizza ; I composed, for instance, the well-known march in Boccaccio during the dress-rehearsal of that operetta !"

* * *

WHILE the Kellogg Company were giving a concert at Moorhead, Minnesota, a thunderstorm was passing over the town. Just as Miss Kellogg had reached her highest note, in a duet with Mr Morawski, a flash of lightning lit the hall, as if Miss Kellogg's voice had pierced a cloud, and the basso had no sooner sounded his lowest note than a peal of thunder shook the hall, creating a very sublime, but unlooked-for climax. The company having returned to the hotel, Mr Morawski claimed he had never sung better, the flash of lightning having infused him with dramatic fire until the very windows of the hall rattled from his tremulo. Miss Kellogg then retorted that it was her high soprano voice which had charmed the lightning, and that the thunder was the response of the skies to her angelic strains.

THE Messrs Brinsmead have arranged to hold classical concerts on the following Saturday evenings:—November 7th and 21st; December 5th and 19th. (These dates are only "probable" at present.) Mr G. Mount and Mr Will, Ganz will be the conjoint conductors. The band, led by Mr Carrodus, has been selected from the Philharmonic orchestra. A prize of £30 is offered for the best pianoforte concerto. The successful concerto will be played at one of the concerts. Good engagements are offered to eminent soloists, vocal and instrumental, on sound cosmopolitan principles—*la carrière ouverte à tous le monde et à tous les pays.*

* * *

MR J. SPENCER CURWEN has nearly completed a second series of his "Studies in Worship Music," which will be published in the autumn. This volume will carry on the topics started in the first, which was issued five years ago. There will be several descriptive chapters on music at the Chapel Royal, St Paul's, Westminster Abbey, and the employment of music by the Russian Church, the Moravians, the Welsh Calvinists, the Salvation Army, &c., will be treated. An important section will deal with German Protestant Church Music. In the preparation of this Mr Curwen has paid several visits to Germany. The St Cecilia movement in the Roman Catholic Church will also be noticed, and there will be a chapter on the relation of music to the Sunday Schools, and another on its place in the curriculum of Theological Schools.

* * *

A RECENT writer says: "Calling upon Suppé at his cosy little villa on the Launenberg, overlooking the Danube. I found him in his study, the walls of which were covered with wreaths, embroidered ribands, diplomas, and portraits of musicians. An old spinet served him as a desk. I asked him whether he was able to extract any of his lovely melodies from that tinkling old relic of a past age. He replied, 'I never use a piano for purposes of composition. My spiritual ears hear the melodies, fully orchestrated, that suggest themselves to me, and I write them down at once, just as they pass through my brain. . . . I get up every day at half-past six A.M., and work without intermission until one P.M., then I eat a hearty breakfast, and sleep till five. My evenings and nights I devote to social amusements, and seldom go to bed before two in the morning.' 'Now I understand,' I rejoined, 'how you have managed to compose over two hundred operas and operettas.'"

* * *

MME. MATERNA is the daughter of a poor pedagogue in Styria; Christine Nilsson was a ragged street singer; Jenny Lind was a peasant child; Campanini was a servant; Brignoli was a cook; Nicolini attended bar. Had not Rossini given Alboni instructions the first half of the century might have lacked a great contralto. The Bach family, illustrious musicians for two hundred years, was always so poor that they had to take lessons from each other. Balfé was the son of an Irish cottager. Beethoven's mother was a cook's daughter. Haydn's father was a wheelwright. Gung'l, who has written the most delicious dance music, learned to sing while his father wove stockings. Lucca is a peasant's daughter. Paganini was born and bred in want. Schumann's childhood was spent in a print shop. The father of Liszt had a petty Government office. Wagner's father was a police court Dogberry. The representatives of royalty who have attained a respectable place in music have somehow been omitted from the records of the historian.

* * *

GENERAL HENRY K. OLIVER, the composer of a number of hymn tunes, known throughout the United States, recently died at the age of eighty-five.

Oliver was the organist at the old North Church in Boston in 1843. During the service one Sunday he searched in vain for music to fit Doddridge's hymn, "Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell." The Rev. Dr Brazer was half-way through his sermon when the melody came to Gen. Oliver. He hastily jotted down the notes, and the choir, all of them fine musicians, sang the tune at sight. The next day the venerable pastor remarked to his organist that he had never heard that tune before. Oliver replied that he himself hadn't, and then confessed. The old Doctor responded reprovingly that he ought to chide him for making notes during the sermon.

"Well, Doctor," said the organist, "what would you

do if some new ideas came to you during service? Wouldn't you jot them down on your sermon?"

"I think I should," was the reply.

"Well, then, which is worse, your notes on the margin or mine on the score?"

The tune thus composed is the one known as "Merton."

* * *

PROFESSOR HANSLICK thus describes his experience in the course of visiting Beethoven's birthplace at Bonn:—"On my way home from Schumann's grave I came to an unassuming house in the Rheingasse, bearing the inscription, 'Beethoven's Birthplace.' I entered a damp passage, climbed up a dark, narrow wooden staircase, and was ushered by the owner of the house into an empty, dismal room, the decaying walls and tiny latticed windows of which spoke its antiquity. 'Beethoven was born in this room,' said my guide, as positively as if he had been present on the occasion. Bareheaded and with a throbbing heart I gazed upon the hallowed but exceedingly dirty apartment in which Beethoven uttered his first wail. Then, at the risk of breaking my neck, I stumbled down the gloomy staircase into the street again, and was no little astounded when, a little further on, I came upon a house in the Bonngasse displaying a marble tablet with the device, 'Ludwig van Beethoven was born here.' During my previous emotion I had forgotten the contest that had accrued, some years ago, between two houses in Bonn as to which of them had really been the scene of Beethoven's *début* upon the world's stage.

"The incident, contemplated from afar off, has a comic aspect; but, on the spot, the shock it inflicted upon the feelings was a very painful one. Of a verity, the civic authorities of Bonn should insist upon removing the memorial tablet from one of these two houses. Two rival birthplaces of Beethoven constitute an intolerable anomaly. Besides, there is no doubt as to which is the right house. Thayer's researches have established it as an indisputable fact that Beethoven was born at No. 515 Bonngasse, and was at least five years old when his family moved into Fischer's house in the Rheingasse. Away, then, with the tablet from the front of this latter house, and never again let a worshipper of Beethoven imperil his pious neck on its abominable corkscrew staircase."

* * *

AT the Llangollen Musical Festival, on August 25th, Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B., who occupied the chair at the evening sitting, said:—"The people of Great Britain and Ireland are, I am convinced, behind none of the nations of the Continent in the capacity for enjoying music, not only in the simple forms of melody and song, but also in the most intricate combinations, out of which grand harmonies are compounded. Of late years the cultivation of music has made immense strides among us, and this is but the natural development of the sentiment and sympathies of a people whose musical records, even of a remote time, are rich in melodies unsurpassed for their power of expressing aptly, and with exquisite beauty and force, the emotions of love, pity, grief, loyalty, and patriotism, as these have been clothed with words by the often nameless poets to whom we owe our ballads, and those old songs which Wordsworth has fitly called 'the precious music of the heart.' On Welsh ground I need not call attention to the beautiful airs, the impassioned marches, the songs, mirthful and pathetic, which are woven into the very life of the Welsh people. Who, again, has not had his heart stirred by the melodies of Ireland in the collections of Dr Petrie and his predecessors, and more especially by such of them as have been linked to noble words by Moore, Davies, Ferguson, Walsh, Lover, and others? England is rich, both in melody and concerted song. Her part in music has always stood high, and one native name—that of Purcell—will always shine pre-eminent among all his great peers, both foreign and domestic. In my native country of Scotland have not her sons been, as it were, 'cradled in poetry,' not by wrong but by song—their earliest slumbers rocked by lullabies and soothed by melodies which for depth of tenderness, passion, and pathos, are unrivaled. All true music is based on melody, and melody is the bird song of the heart, the flower of deeply-stirred emotion. The people that finds its voice in such melodies as England, Wales, Ireland, and Scotland have produced, can never be otherwise than well fitted to follow music up into its higher regions, thus, in Milton's phrase—

"Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden souls of harmony."

Foreign Notes.

WE understand that a new musical journal, to be named the *Musikalische Rundschau* will soon appear at Vienna.

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MDLLE FERNANDA TEDESCA, a young American violinist of very considerable talent, has died from consumption at Rueil, a small village of the Parc de la Malmaison.

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A NEW one-act operetta, with a libretto founded on the story of the Austrian National Hymn and its composer Haydn, will shortly be produced at Vienna. The music is by Herr R. Reimann.

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HERR C. GOPPART, of Mannheim, has composed a three-act opera, entitled "Quintin Messis, der Schmied von Antwerpen." It is said to be highly praised by Franz Liszt and Herr Eduard Lassen.

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HERR ANTON RUBINSTEIN lately set a good example at Peterhof by a concert for the benefit of those who had suffered by a destructive conflagration at Grodno. The concert resulted in a profit of 2000 roubles.

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FRANZ SCHUBERT'S "Rosamunde" music, dissociated from Helmine von Chézy's ineffective libretto, is shortly to be given, with Shakespeare's "As You Like It," at the Stadttheater, Magdeburg.

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DURING the coming season of the Gürzenich concerts in Cologne, Dr Willner, the successor of the late Ferdinand Hiller, intends to produce Bach's Mass in B minor and Berlioz's "Requiem."

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EDUARD MARXXEN, of Hamburg, the teacher of many eminent musicians, among whom may be named Brahms and Thieriot, has received the Cross of Ernestine House-Order from the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen.

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FLOTOW, the composer of "Martha," left behind him a comic opera entitled "Widow Grapin." It has been played at Pesth, and is said to be very melodious. It may possibly be heard at other European theatres shortly.

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M. FAURE is spending his summer holidays at Etretat, working on the materials of a volume that he hopes presently to issue under the title, "A Grand Method of Singing."

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THE fund which is being formed at Brunswick for a Memorial to the late Franz Abt has been augmented by 2000 marks, the proceeds of a garden concert. The total sum collected now amounts to 10,000 marks, or about one third of the sum required.

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WHAT is called a "Kinderoratorio," by the Belgian composer Peter Benoit, has recently been performed with marked success at Brussels. The libretto is based upon a Flemish story, and the voice parts are, of course, written entirely for children.

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THE orchestra under Peter Benoit engaged to play at the Antwerp Exhibition, have had a little friction with the management. The musicians refused to play in the open air, but it was found that their engagement bound them to give open-air performances.

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HERR CARL WENDLING, formerly assistant professor of the piano at the Schumacher Conservatoire of Mayence, has been appointed in the same capacity at the Gewandhaus, Leipzig, on the recommendation of Franz Liszt and Professor Reinecke.

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HERR R. HIRWBERGER, of Vienna, has lately composed an opera on the subject of "As You Like It." This charming Shakespearian play has long been a favourite with musicians; but has rarely, if ever before, received treatment in a complete opera form.

M. MARINI, the French tenor, it appears, asked the trifling sum of £400 for singing each night at the Italian performances at the Paris Opera next winter, or £800 for 20 nights. Ultimately, as a mark of friendship, he reduced his terms to £6000.

VERDI has bequeathed his villa, Novo d'Arca, to be transformed into an hospital. He has given 16,000 francs to the poor at Bassano, and in consequence of the bad harvest has taken off 10 per cent. from the rents of all his tenants.

MADAME VAN ZANDT is arranging for another London engagement. The rapid advance to fortune which has been achieved by this young prima donna, is seen in the terms of £100 per night secured to her for a series of performances in Moscow and St Petersburg.

At the special invitation of the Emperor of Germany, Madame Christine Nilsson has consented for the first time to sing in Berlin. The opening performance will take place on October 12, the opera selected being "Faust," on which occasion all the members of the Imperial family will be present.

HERR RUBINSTEIN announces for the coming winter in Vienna a series of seven concerts in which he will execute pieces from the piano repertory of all ages and countries. The performances will include pieces composed for the earliest spinets, clavecins, and keyboards. The concerts are to be repeated in Berlin, Paris, and London.

UNDER the title of *Der Chorgesang*, will appear in October a new fortnightly musical periodical. It will be published at Leipzig by Licht and Meyer, and edited by Herr A. W. Gottschalk. It is to be devoted to musical literature and choral music. The first number will contain five short pieces for mixed and men's voices, a biographical notice, with portrait of Prof. Langer, articles and notices, etc.

THE death is announced, at Hal, in Belgium, of the distinguished violoncellist Joseph Servais. He was the eldest son of the still more famous violoncello player Adrien François Servais, of whom Rossini said that "he was more than the 'cellist of kings, he was the king of 'cellists." The late Joseph Servais was born in 1850, and succeeded his father as professor at the Brussels conservatoire in 1872. The celebrated Stradivarius 'cello, presented by the Princess Yousoukoff, was bequeathed to him by the elder Servais, and was always used for public performances by father and son.

SIXTY members of the Vienna Men's Choral Association, taking advantage of a North German trip, lately visited Heligoland, England's smallest dependency. They had a very cordial reception. The place was decked with flags, and cannon were fired. The governor invited them to Government House, where they sang several of their most effective pieces. Herr Hofmann, secretary to the Association, returned thanks for the kind welcome they had received, and the proceedings were brought to a close by hearty cheers for Queen Victoria.

A STATEMENT has just appeared in the *Cologne Gazette* of the cost of restoring and completing the great Cathedral, from 1823, when the work was resumed after a neglect of nearly three-quarters of a century, down to the 1st of April of the present year. The amount, including a contribution of 250,000 marks from the Cathedral tax, was 21,000,000 marks, or £1,050,000. This is quite independent of gifts of valuable objects for the religious services or the decoration of the building, and of a large number of private donations and funds for pious foundations.

THE busiest composer in France seems to be Audran of "Mascotte" fame. He has finished his "Nouvelle Fermière" for Farine, the author of the libretto, and manager of the Comedy Theatre, London, and has on hand "Le Diable Boiteux," which is to be a grand spectacular operette, with libretto, by Denney. He is writing the music in conjunction with Louis Varney. The curious part of this partnership is that the music will be composed conjointly, instead of each composer doing his share separately, as is generally done in such cases. When the above work is finished, Audran will try his hand at grand opera, on a libretto by François Coppée.

WRITING from Bergen to the Paris *Figaro*, M. Fischer, the well-known violoncellist who accompanied Madame Christine Nilsson on her tour in Norway and Sweden, said: "Before entering the port here, the steamer in which we were, displayed all her flags. Her entrance was saluted by a salvo of artillery. An enormous crowd lined the quay at which we landed, and accompanied Madame Nilsson's carriage to the hotel, cheering her, and covering her with flowers. All the streets were dressed out with bunting, and so were all the vessels in the harbour. Madame Nilsson's rooms are completely filled with the flowers she has received. This evening she was serenaded. The crowd again cheered her repeatedly, and asked her to sing. But, being fatigued with her voyage, she begged to be excused, promising compliance with their request some other time."

HERR RUBINSTEIN has been expressing his well-known ideas concerning the possibility of a sacred opera ariant his "Moses." He writes: "'Moses' is the most ideal work that a composer can undertake; but I have given all my power to it, and shall not rest till it is finished; the performance of which will last four hours. The work is too theatrical for the concert-room, and too much like an oratorio for the theatre; it is in truth, the perfect type of the 'sacred opera' that I have dreamed of for years. What will come of it I know not, and I do not think the work will be performed entire. It contains eight distinct parts; one or two may from time to time be given, either in a concert or on the stage. I am half through the sketch of the work which I hope to have finished by the end of September. For completing the score I require a whole summer, so that the work will not be ready before September 1886."

The Tägliche Rundschau gives the following rhyming list of German composers and musicians:

Händel, Bendel, Mendelssohn :
Brandel, Wendel, Jadassohn ;
Müller, Hiller, Heller, Franz ;
Plotow, Fiotow, Bülow, Gantz,
Hansen, Jansen, Jensen, Kiel ;
Stade, Gade, Baade, Stiel ;
Naumann, Neumann, Höhnerfürst ;
Niemann, Riemann, Diener, Wurst.

Kochler, Dochler, Rubinstein ;
Kimmel, Hummel, Rosenstein ;
Lauer, Bauer, Kleinecke ;
Romberg, Plomberg, Reinecke.
Meyer, Beyer, Meyerbeer ;
Heyer, Weyer, Reiher, Beer ;
Lichner, Lachner, Schachner, Dietz ;
Hill, Will, Brill, Grill, Drill, Ries, Rietz.

I AM a sincere admirer of Chopin's originality; he produces the newest and most attractive pianoforte work. But personally I object to his artificial and often forced modulations; my fingers stick and stumble at such passages, and practise them as I may, I never play them fluently.—MOSCHELES.

CHOPIN felt both his power and his weakness; the latter arose from an excess of power which he did not know how to control. He could not, like Mozart—who in this capacity stands alone—create master-pieces from commonplace tones. Chopin's compositions contain many surprises and *nuances* which are often strange, mysterious, and original, but never far-fetched or strained. Although he hated and avoided what was incomprehensible, the over-intensity of his feelings often carried him into regions to which he only could attain.—GEORGE SAND.

Franz Liszt at Home.

(By one of his Pupils at Weimar and Rome.)

In the "Hofgärtner," Weimar, Liszt spends his summers amidst a gathering of from twelve to thirty disciples—companions and pupils. These young men and women are generally the best pupils, such as Bülow, Kullak, Lechetitzky, Dr. Paul, Lebert, Rubinstein, Saint-Saëns, and the finished graduates of the conservatories of Leipzig, Munich, Stuttgart, Berlin, and Vienna. America sends her quota to this cosmopolitan gathering yearly, and all being introduced to the veteran artist by letters of introduction from the foremost men in the profession, are proud to call him master, and to be called in their turn his pupils.

Liszt frequently pays flying visits to Pesth and Vienna, in fall or spring. From time to time he directs Liszt festivals, such as those during the last couple of years in Freiburg, Cologne, Antwerp, and Brussels, and in winter he lives in the Villa D'Ete, the property of Cardinal Hohenlohe, in Tivoli, near Rome, generally arriving in time to celebrate his birthday, on the 22d day of October, in the intimate circle of a few friends and chosen pupils, the flower of his Weimar circle.

As is well known, the young Liszt had the historic words addressed to him by the immortal Beethoven, after playing to him some of the "King of Music's" compositions: "Enough, you understand me; now go and cause others to understand me." He subsequently gave a concert in Beethoven's presence, and repaired to Paris, where he gave no less than thirty concerts, in company with his friends, Chopin, Thalberg, Henselt, Pixis and Herz. His friendships with Napoleon, Heine and George Sand were important factors in his Parisian sojourn. He then undertook a gigantic concert tour through the whole of Europe; and the greatest virtuoso the world has ever seen employed the colossal gains accruing from this bold enterprise in most noble philanthropic undertakings, and in assisting deserving talent in the young and aspiring. An enviable record, indeed! As all know, Schumann and Wagner owed much to his interest. The Beethoven monument in Bonn, and that on the Conservatory Square in Vienna, were erected chiefly out of funds provided or obtained by him and at his instigation; and the Home for Old Musicians, near Pesth, was endowed by Liszt, the idol of the Hungarian and Austrian people. He has fulfilled the sacred mission entrusted to him by Beethoven by his unrivaled interpretations of that master's works and by his teaching and example, living proofs of which are his illustrious pupils, Bülow, Easipoff, Menter, Mehlig, Bache, Jaell, Mills, Mason, Pinner, and a brilliant array of greater or lesser lights.

The greatest of them all, Carl Tausig, was unhappily snatched away while in the prime of his glory. Tausig was the only man that ever lived of whom Liszt could say, "He could do all that I can do." Heine, in his Parisian art letters and critiques to the German press, gives much interesting matter regarding Liszt's French activity, and Raman's work on Liszt teams with anecdotes and romantic episodes from the life of this remarkable man. Liszt is not only the greatest pianist the world has ever seen, having been the first to fully grasp the great scope of this most universal instrument, but is also a fine organist, his peculiar treatment of this instrument being astounding. Master of six languages and possessing remarkable facility and versatility with his pen, he has done more than all others to popularize Beethoven, Schumann, and Schubert; and by his innumerable *chef d'œuvre* in the form of arrangements, transcriptions, paraphrases and fantasies he has made the principal numbers from many operas, oratorios, symphonies, &c., familiar friends to the musicians and virtuosi, to the united amateurs and dilettanti of the civilized world. As a composer his extraordinary rhapsodies, études, concerti, sonatas, and above all, his truly stupendous "Symphonic Poems," "Faust," and "Dante" symphonies, his oratorios "Elizabeth," "Christus" and "St Cecilia" have placed him on the scroll of fame as one of the most universal and peculiarly original musicians of this century. As a conductor and director his activity at the opera in Weimar was not less notable.

Liszt has a most interesting appearance, and makes instantaneously on a new-comer the impression of a great mind. Tall and slender, with deep grey eyes, massive thinking brow, his head is crowned by exceptionally

luxuriant hair, now well nigh white. His mouth is most original, being slightly drawn up at the corners, and this peculiarity gives to his countenance when smiling, as well as when displeased, a most striking expression. His sarcasm is scathing and his humour biting, and those who often deservedly feel his displeasure, write for many a day after, at the memory of that superb irony which can demolish false conceit or pretensions with a word or two. His amiability is, on the other hand, proverbial, and his forbearance with conscientious, struggling incapacity, is truly surprising and praiseworthy. What this man has to endure, only those who have lived near and around him for a lengthy period can faintly imagine. His hands are narrow, with long, slender wiry fingers, apparently endowed with twice as many sinews and twice as much nervous force as those of ordinary mortals. The most extraordinary feature in Liszt is the kaleidoscope-like play of his countenance. One moment it is dreamy, kindly, thoughtful or gracious in its expression, the next, possibly it may be ironical, sarcastic, stern, and, at times, even iron in its outlines, but it is always fascinating. He is a study for phrenologists and searchers of character. Such an extraordinary attraction has this man for the masses that his popularity has been steadily on the increase for sixty years, and in Weimar, Pesth, or Rome he is saluted when in public as a supreme favourite, or as if he were a crowned head. He rises at six, takes a walk with a favourite friend or pupil, returns and works; after "kaffee," he carries on his enormous correspondence with the centres of three continents, examines the mass of material, consisting of papers, critiques, new publications and programmes and MSS. from friends and former pupils. The numerous letters from mothers possessed of talented children are his particular horror; and the worrying nuisance of admirers and inquisitive tourists would long since have driven a less patient man far beyond the confines of reason.

To hear Liszt play is to obtain a complete insight into the remotest possibilities of performance. It is for the ordinary home-spun or cut-and-dried musician as well as for the master, the finished artist or critic, a very revelation. When this man talks on the piano, the deepest depths of pathos and sentiment, the most poetic and most realistic effects will flash by and literally daze the listener with their thousand *nuances*. He can clothe the simplest air in a regal robe, making the dry humoristic and the supremely learned composition attractive, even to the ignorant. Rubinstein lacks to a certain extent his delicacy and refinement; Bülow, his poetic fire and fervour; most great artists lack his supremely lofty intellectual and gigantic powers of original conception and remoulding, an all alike lack his many-sidedness. He is the only artist whose playing has never been severely criticised or condemned by any critic of sterling or universal note whose opinion was worth listening to; and his appearance on any platform was and is ever the signal for an electrically-inspired ovation, the magnetism and powers of attraction in the man being a very phenomenon. When in a good humour he favours his class at times with a snatch of his immense powers of investing a Beethoven sonata, a fugue, or a descriptive étude with vivid colouring, illustrating his idea by some terse citation or scrap of sophistry, thereby causing the powers of imagination of his pupils to set to work like a squirrel in the wheel of its cage. This is pedagogique, pure and undefiled, I uphold. Many a time by one remark, one single finger, he will remove a difficulty; and I remember well how he made the rough way smooth for me in the E flat concerto of Beethoven and in a Henselt concerto, and gave me the whole gist and grist of the composer's intention.

BÜLOW once said in a comic vein of cynical discouragement after hearing the maestro play his "Au bord d'un source" and Chopin's B minor sonata: "Ye spirits of Beethoven and Mozart & why do all we woodchoppers still dare to play the piano after hearing him?" And this saying of Bülow's contains the feelings of every artist, great or small, after hearing Liszt, who has the great advantage of being equally subjective and objective as well as equally conservative and liberal; Bülow and Rubinstein, as is well-known, going to extremes in one or the other quality. He gives such a judicious intermingling of both sides as to captivate the critic, who wishes strict adherence to the composer's slightest whim, and slavish obedience to print, as well as the more genial musician who regards rather the spirit in the performer,

and will overlook a few technical errors made or liberties taken, for the sake of a fervent, enthusiastic originality in the character of the rendering. He therefore controls both extremes alike, whereas most artists are lacking in one direction or another.

No man can be more popular and sensational than the Abbé, none more classic and severe than the Director of the Buda-Pesth conservatoire; no artist can be more conventional, bewigged and besurblowed than the Grossherzoglieber Weimeraner Kammerherr von Liszt; no director can be more sweepingly modern than Wagner's friend, the President of the German Society of Musicians, Franz Liszt. As Bülow says in his capital introductory remarks to the "Cromatica Fantasia," Bach, "Those who do not appreciate the delightful spirit of romanticism in this composition had better leave it alone;" similarly we may say of some men who would belittle Liszt on account of some perfectly human failings—"Leave that which you cannot appreciate alone and strive not to belittle those who can." Liszt is most exacting with his pupils, and accepts their most herculean efforts with a calm stoical "Passable, mon cher," that usually demolishes conceit and establishes comparative perfection as a matter of course. If a man thinks that his reading of a composition be anywise above the ordinary, he will receive the practical illustration of the encouraging fact that half a dozen in the room can do it as well or better. The meister frequently interrupts the one at the instrument to request others to continue the composition, and comparisons are inevitable and profitable to all, however odious in the proverb. Many a "namby-pamby," "dry-as-dust" or "thunder and lightning" musician has been ignominiously thrown from his hobby in those salons, and more than one invited to take a chair "in the outside lobby," or "to call in and see me if you happen to be going through next year!"

It is no slight ordeal to have to appear as a new, un-plucked bird before Liszt and in a company of perhaps thirty of the best performers in the world, all anxious to retain the master's favour and jealous of every new comer. I shall never forget how I felt when I first sat down to that piano. Why it seemed to me that every note had a demon under it working against me; my brains seemed putty, my fingers lead, and my ideas kites; in spite of all that, and with the kind encouragement and gentleness of that noble gentleman, I rode on to subsequent ease, and I may say to triumph. And his remark, "Ei, ei, our Canadian 'red-skin' will lead you a race yet," was thoroughly characteristic of the desire of the man to encourage any who, by their work, showed signs of anxious thought and labour, be their talents however small. True, he pits his pupils one against another, and the spirit of emulation and honourable rivalry runs high among them and forms the chief ingredient in the secret of the unparalleled success of his school and pupils. Every day there is pitched battle on that field. When one acquires himself of a task, another will take it up and do it afterward in the hope of eclipsing his rival, and great are the conjectures as to his probable success. This teaches confidence, enterprise, ambition, and when one comes battle-scared out of that musical arena one has many defeats to chronicle, as well as bitter falls and reproofs, interspersed with glowing memories of victory and words of recognition meaning volumes, coming from such a man. What an education!

At home Liszt (Canonicus of Tivoli and St Peter) does not now wear the long abbe's robe, but dresses in black frock, slightly clerical; and in rather old-fashioned civilian attire, with broad-brimmed, old-time silk hat when promenading. It is delightful in his little garden villa at Weimar; the salons are of a light grey tint, decorated with gold, the curtains and furniture being dark red. The magnificent grands generally stand at the open windows, around which luxuriant vines creep. The view extends far over the glorious old park to the castle, and the delightfully tame pigeons and birds coo and chirp and alight on the very window-sills. Liszt's writing-table is a pleasing object in itself, with its dainty furnishings of bronze and marble. Everything is littered from day to day with the most fragrant flowers, tokens of love and respect from his pupils and friends, and the most artistic disorder reigns supreme. Everything in Liszt's Weimar home has been placed there by his noble friends and admirers, the Grand Duke and his amiable lady, the Duchess, together with the contributions and gifts of Bülow, Wagner, and such intimate congenial spirits. In these precincts the master reads with unerring accuracy the peculiarities of his pupils.

By his pupils I mean those who have remained with him by reason of his approval and invitation for a reason-

able time—e.g., a year or eighteen months. The usual procedure is to leave letters and cards with the valet and request the honour of being allowed to call. An hour is fixed, which is generally at the time when the tri-weekly afternoon class meets. The master will ask one to play or sing, and if worthy, one is invited to remain; and so from day to day it goes on until one is a fixture for the season, and possibly one may be selected as a companion to Rome for the winter, where Liszt goes to escape from the continued strain of visitors, correspondents and work, to recuperate and compose in quiet. The large majority of his so-called pupils have had the undeserved privilege of playing once, possibly twice, to the altogether too hospitable philanthropist, whereupon they nickname themselves "Elèves de Liszt." In his own words, they are "birds of passage," "selfish adventurers," who wish to misuse his name to add to their own otherwise worthless reputations. Bülow holds once every summer what he has jocosely and with truth named his "house-cleaning" or "pruning" in Liszt's salon—that is, the maestro takes a walk and leaves "Hänschen" behind to handle the unlucky disciples without gloves, and great is the terror of all on that occasion. He rigidly examines and frequently turns out certain cuckoos found in the nest. The incompetent ones, or "birds of passage," generally take wing before his arrival as full-fledged "pupils of Liszt," never to return. In Weimar the summer performances of some great works of Liszt's by Müller-Hartung's "Orchestre Schule," of organ programmes by Gottschalk, the Count organist, and compositions introduced by guests at Liszt's soirees, all combine to make the stay there most profitable and enjoyable. During the time that I studied these new compositions were played in person by Bülow, Moszkowsky, Scharwenka, Victor Bendix, Cui, Sgambati, Lassen, Dvorák, Zichy, Servais, Rendau, Von Kneudall, Josef Rubinstein and numerous others. Henry Schradieck also brought his new violin school. A complete series of Schiller's plays was given at the Grand Ducal Opera House. Various receptions given at the Fräulein Staars, at the African traveller's, Dr Rohlf, at Baroness Meindorf's, and in the old Hotel "Zum Russischen Hof" by the pupils, gave all ample opportunity of cultivating artistic company, and in the evening a merry group of "Lisztiau" could be found wending their way past Wieland's and Schiller's old houses to the picturesque garden behind Schopenhauer's former home, where many a cool hour was spent in hot debate over a "schoppen bairisch" and in listening to the excellent little "Stadt Orchestre" under the stately linden trees.

III.

FAR more delightful even than the summer in Weimar is the sojourn with Liszt in Rome during winter, as the intercourse there, on account of the extremely limited number of pupils (seldom more than four) partakes more of a familiar and family nature. After climbing up the slopes of that lovely Arcadia on the outskirts of the Saline Hills to "olive-clad and thundering Tivoli," and knocking at the high portal, we were twice a week, or even more frequently, admitted by the castellan to the court of the glorious old Villa D'Este, and ascending the winding spiral staircase, tortuous as a corkscrew, were ushered into the quaint cabinet, where one could picture one's self as a famulus permitted to enter into the presence of one of those glorious and venerable Florentine sages whose forms are so familiar to lovers of painting. Here, it may be, is the room in which Petrarch or Tasso slept, or that very terrace Petrarch met Laura, and Dante walked with Beatrice. There Scarlatti dwelt occasionally and composed, among those fountains and leafy bowers have meandered *La Belle Italie's* greatest minds, planning those very works which are now so familiar to the world. There, where beneath one the piping shepherd or goatherd lazily guards his flock, one feels as though one had climbed Olympus or Parnassus, and were far away from the busy world in hermit-like and still, luxurious retreat.

Liszt is canon of Tivoli, and he occasionally directs the music. And such music! Not loud, commonplace screeching, as alas, too frequently heard, but like the *coro angelico*, floating liquid among the old, musty, vaulted arches. Liszt has an almost electric control over his singers, and to hear some of his austere ecclesiastical compositions sung by his own pupils and singers under his own direction is to hear simply ideal perfection.

Not less romantic are the lessons with Liszt in the residence of Mme. Helbig (whose husband is president of

the Royal Hill, not of a Royal surveyor of the world—Pinelli, Keudell, master a magnificient cardinal armory, rests equipped. In some Italian Pergolesi and at almost occasion such as Liszt seen the hard instrument et religione. By a pupils in day is on naissance. All were sociable when he including with me souvenir controversy unvarnished the maestro whether

the Roman Archeological Institute), on the Capitoline Hill, near the brink of the Eupatorpeja. The balmy air of a Roman spring floating in at the windows—the eye surveying the wonders of the past and present city of the world—the enlivening presence of such men as Sgambati, Picelli, Mancinelli, Ducci, Ricordi, Prehn, Baron von Kneidell, all either worthy pupils or friends of the great master and of Mme. Helbig herself, a most versatile lady and a magnificent performer, tend to make those hours memorable. The innumerable art soirées at the embassies and in the studios of the foremost painters and sculptors, littered with their curious collections of Etruscan vases, cardinals' chairs of all dates, coins, Venetian glassware, armour, cartoons, fragments of antiques, torso draperies, rests, easels, casts, and all the paraphernalia of a well-equipped artist's studio in Rome, are most interesting. In some of these soirées the *école d'opéra* of the old Italian maestri, Scarlatti, Padre Martini, Palestina and Pergolesi and others are rendered by competent exponents, and at every turn masterly creations of art delight the almost bewildered and surprised senses. When on rare occasions, and in certain places where he loves to go—such as Sgambati's and Mme. Helbig's—the magician Liszt seats himself of his own accord (for few ever have the hardihood or presumption to request it of him) at the instrument, some of his glorious "Harmonies poétiques et religieuses" are heard as from a purifying presence. By a curious coincidence, the birthday of one of Liszt's pupils in Rome (1881) was on October 21; Liszt's natal day is on the 22d, and a second comrade had his *jour de naissance* on the 23d, my own fête being on the 24th. All were jointly celebrated in a festive banquet and sociable and artistic evening on Liszt's own birthday, when he presented his four pupils and some of his friends, including Sgambati, Sophie Menter, and Professor Riedel, with medallions commemorative of the event and as a souvenir of himself. There has been some little Liszt controversy lately, and I have longed to place a plain, unvarnished tale of the life of a Liszt pupil while with the maestro before the public, and leave it to judge whether that be not a liberal education in itself.

W. WAUGH LAUDER.

[In Musical Courier.]

"The Mikado" in America.

MR D'OVLY CARTE arrived in New York with his company by the Cunard steamer *Aurania*. He sailed under the assumed name of Mr H. Chapman, and was thus addressed by the custom-house officials on landing. The only person who recognised him at the custom-house was his American manager, Mr John Stetson. Mr Carte subsequently stated he had assumed this *nom de guerre*, by which he was known even on board the steamer, as it was deemed absolutely necessary to keep his departure a secret in order that no piratical version of "The Mikado" should be hurried out before his arrival. He did not escape the penalty of greatness when he arrived in New York. On the contrary, he was compelled to submit to a most searching cross examination. "I can hardly believe we're all here in America," said Mr Carte, gazing into a vista of vacancy and trunks in combination. "It's all been so sudden and so secret. Every one of us travelled under an assumed name, so that the cable shouldn't tell any tales, and so that we might burst upon our enemies like the beautiful visions we certainly are. Why," said Mr Carte emphatically, "nobody knows we've left London yet, I'm sure. None of my company had the least idea that they were going to America until two days before we started. You've heard of 'The Mikado' in this country, I think," he continued with an ingenuous smile. "In fact, I'm quite sure you've heard of it. But you haven't seen it yet. Just think of this. Since March 14 of this year, when the opera was produced at the Savoy Theatre, the receipts have exceeded those of 'Patience' by £30,000—multiplied by five equals 150,000 dolls. We are now playing in London to £1800 a week, and that's enormous for an English theatre, you know. 'The Mikado' is a big hit, there's no doubt about that. You know what originated 'The Mikado'?" he went on. "It was a Japanese craze in London. London always has some sort of a craze. Last year it was remote Japan. Gilbert always has an eye to business, and

speedily availed himself of the existing condition of things. There was a speculator in London at the time who also saw means of profiting by the mania. He imported a real Japanese village with 200 of the natives and set it up at Knightsbridge, just outside London. You have heard, I dare say, that it was recently burned. Well, he charged 1s admission to the village, and it only added to the craze. Then came 'The Mikado' and London threatened to become Japanese. Gilbert and the speculator played into one another's hands. They advertised one another with a charming and spontaneous reciprocity. Gilbert visited the village before 'The Mikado' was brought out, and got a Japanese dancing master and two Japanese girls who taught us all they knew. We acquired the Japanese wriggle and the Japanese giggle, and other commodities of an equally fragile, but desirable nature. Everything went on wings of luck. Think of the Countess of Wharncliffe, the famous London beauty, going to a ball with her hair dressed in the Japanese style, and covered with skewers, beetles, and insects! Can you imagine a more selectible advertisement for us? I can't." Mr Carte sat still, looking as if he were still trying to urge his imagination to the necessary point. But he shook his head negatively. It was evidently impossible. "As for my costumes," continued Mr Carte, "I claim that I have bought up in London and Paris everything that was worth having. They who desire to take what I left can have them with pleasure. Ha! ha! It's an act of generosity on my part, isn't it? But of course you can't tell. Take my word for it, it is. Some of the costumes I got were very old and the bases were worn away. I then cut off the elaborate embroideries, and had them put on brand-new grounds by applique work. I am perfectly certain," continued Mr Carte with much emphasis, "that the costumes cannot be duplicated without infinite time and money. It would take months and months to duplicate them. The costume that the Mikado himself will wear at the Fifth-Avenue Theatre to-morrow night is 200 years old. Made in 1685, when—let me see, what did happen in 1685? I don't remember, but you know, of course. That's why all these trifling 'Mikado' productions that have been agitating this country for the last month can't hurt us, because they are not the genuine article, don't you know?"

Echoes.

Dublin.

MUSICALLY educated Dubliners are well aware that Mr Carl Rosa's organization is the leading enterprise of the kind of the present day. They also feel an earnest hope that the day is not far distant when there will be a National English Opera Company, with Mr Carl Rosa as proprietor, and under the patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty The Queen; at the same time it is hardly right that the Dublin people should be compelled to regard the company through a very thick veil of disadvantages, such as a very small, threadbare chorus, and an orchestra which—to say the least of it—is somewhat "scrappy." Madame Marie Rose, Madames Burns and Gaylord, Miss Burton, etc., are all, no doubt, good artists, but we cannot help feeling what a great loss the company has sustained by allowing Mr Ludwig, Mr Snazelle, Miss Josephine Yorke, Mr Ben Davies, Miss Perry, etc., to leave it. We were delighted with "Manon," and "Nadesda;" but had a surfeit of "Mignon," "Carmen," "Maritana," etc. The "Beggar Student" is clever, but is more fit for a French comic opera company than for our leading English Opera. Some of the soloists who appeared there were anything but creditable, and no London audience would tolerate them. "Nadesda" produced a much more lasting impression than "Manon" (on this night we should remark that the chorus was excellent, but only then).

The music at the Artizan's Exhibition continues to be as inartistic as usual, notwithstanding that all our best artists are engaged, and that they are under the very clever conductorship of Dr Smith.

There is a rumour of a Dublin Musical Festival in September 1886: and a new concert-hall: and Sir Arthur Sullivan as Conductor.

Northampton.

BRASS band contests have of late grown considerably in public estimation. They invariably attract good entries, and the "gate" is usually a successful one. A

competition of this class—held at the Melbourne Pleasure Gardens, Northampton, on the 23rd ult.—was productive of some really fine music, and was listened to by over four thousand persons. The judge was Mr G. Godfrey, Bandmaster Royal Horse Guards (Blue); the prizes amounted to about £90, and the following bands contested:—Black Dyke Mills' Band—conductor, Mr A. Owen; Stalybridge (engaged at the Inventions Exhibition in September); Oldham Rifle Band—conductor, Mr A. Owen; Honley (Yorkshire) Pipe Band—conductor, Mr F. Renshaw; Kettering Rifle Band—conductor, Mr A. Owen; Rushden Temperance Band—conductor, Mr G. F. Birkinshaw; and The Kettering Town Band—conductor, Mr Randolph Ryans. Owing to the time occupied in carrying out the first part of the programme, the solo cornet competition had to be judged by Mr Owen, of Stalybridge.

Leeds.

Leeds musicians cannot but be grateful to Dr Spark, the Borough Organist, for his characteristic promptitude in giving them an opportunity on September 13th of hearing a selection played on the fine organ at the Leeds Town Hall, from Gounod's new work, "Mors et Vita," which was produced with such great success at the recent Birmingham Musical Festival. Dr Spark announces his intention to give three selections in consecutive weeks of the oratorio named, following the composer's plan of dividing the work into the three parts— "Mors," "Judicium," and "Vita." The Borough Organist gave the first part—"Mors"—and scored a great success by his exceptionally careful and effective rendering of Gounod's complicated music. The audience, which was a large and discriminating one, was most enthusiastic in its appreciation of the treat provided by Dr Spark. His promised reproduction of the two succeeding parts is being looked forward to with great interest.

Aberdare.

THE work of the National Eisteddfod began on August 25th. The Musical Adjudicators were Dr Stainer (who, though unable to be present, gave valuable assistance in the examination of competition compositions), Mr John Thomas (Pencerdd Gwalia), London; Mr E. H. Turpin, London; Dr W. F. Frost, Cardiff; Mr W. T. Rees (Alaw Ddu); Mr G. R. Jones (Karadog); Mr Jarrott Roberts (Pencerdd Elfion), and Mr E. Woodward. The Swansea Resident Band gained the first prize of £20, and the Mountain Ash Band secured the second prize of £10; and the best choirs proved to be the "Cambrians," and the "The Ebbw Vale Glee Society." In the evening a miscellaneous concert was given, at which Miss Annie Marriott, Miss Lizzie Williams, Miss Eleanor Rees, Mr Dyfed Lewis, Eos Morlais, Mr J. Thomas, the well-known harpist, and other soloists distinguished themselves. The attendance this day was 4000. On August 26th, the chief competition was the Orchestral Band performance of Mozart's "Figaro" Overture. The "Treherbert" Band got the first prize of £12 12s., and the "Aberdare" orchestra took the second place with £6, 6s. There were no entries for the part-song prize. In the evening a good performance of Handel's "Samson" was given; the artistes were Miss Annie Marriott, Miss Mary Spencer Jones, Eos Morlais, Mr Lucas Williams. The chorus, the Aberdare Choral Union. There was a full orchestral band, leader, Mr E. G. Woodward; the conductor being Mr Rees Evans. The attendance this day was 6000. August 27th was a memorable day. From early morning, in spite of drenching rain, thousands poured into the building, and the attendance reached 13,500; immense numbers were not able to enter the place. The choirs sang in the following order:—Rhondda Philharmonic Society (150 voices); Dowlais Harmonic Society (160 voices); Rhondda Choral Society (193); Ebbw Vale United Choir (170); Merthyr Tydfil United Choir (160); Llanelli United Choir (190). Mr John Thomas announced amidst tumultuous applause that the Dowlais Harmonic Society had gained the prize, and that the Llanelli United Choir secured special commendation. In the evening MacKenzie's "Rose of Sharon" was performed before an immense audience. The solos were well rendered by Miss Mary Davies, Miss Eleanor Rees, Mr Ben Davies, and Mr Bridson. On August 28th came off the Second Choral Competition (choirs not less than 80 and not to exceed 150 voices). Chorale and Chorus, "O Argwydd, gwando," from Stephens' "Storm of Tiberias," and "Canaf i'r Argwydd." (Alaw Ddu.) Prize £40. The choirs sang in the following order:—

